The Nation.

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The Week.

AFTER what the Senate has shown itself capable of in the way of resolutions respecting Venezuela, *fin-de-siècle* Monroeism, and Armenia, its deliverances about Cuba cannot fail to strike one as unexpectedly and gratefully rational. True, the Cuban resolutions are as wanting in grammar as the Venezuelan resolutions were in sanity, or the Armenian in a sense of humor. The decay of statesmanship has, in fact, reached the point of inability even to draft a law or resolution in proper terms. But in this Cuban business it must be confessed that the Senate committee's report and resolutions show that their heart is right, like the camp-meeting preacher's, and that they are bound for the kingdom, even if the auxiliary verbs are too much for them. In refraining from urging the recognition of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, they display good sense. That the Cuban insurrectionists have not as yet succeeded in attaining the actual status of belligerents is generally admitted, and must be the opinion of the Senate committee. Senators must have considered, moreover, the embarrassments to our own commerce with Cuba which would be certain to result from the grant of belligerent rights to the insurrectionists, and doubtless have found therein fresh reason for moving with caution. They have, accordingly, limited themselves to deploring the unnecessary barbarities of the Cuban war, and to requesting Spain, if the war must go on, to grant the insurgent armies the rights to which humanity, if not the abstract law of war, entitles them. The accompanying report is couched in moderate and humane terms. Concerning the actual posture of affairs in the island the Senate committee wisely say little. They do not affirm that the Spanish troops have been guilty of wanton cruelties. The charge that they have been has been widely circulated in the press, and has been held to be self-evident by many political conventions and orators. But the Senate report says nothing on this head, nor does it maintain that the rebel commanders have respected the lives and property of non-combatants.

There still remains a chance that the nation may be spared the full measure of humiliation threatened by the absurd deliverance of the Senate and House of Representatives on the Armenian question. The resolutions as passed attempt to "lay down the law" for Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Russia, reciting what the Senators and Representatives consider "an imperative duty" in the premises; but these Powers will never be informed of what our lawmakers think they ought to do unless the President complies with the provision that he be "requested to communicate these resolutions to the Governments" of the six European nations. The encouraging report comes from Washington that this request does not meet with the favor of the Administration, and that the President will exercise his discretion by doing nothing in the premises. It is to be hoped on every account that this report will prove true. The transmission of the resolutions would do no good to the Armenians, would make the Sultan less disposed to protect Americans in his dominions, and would simply secure us a number of snubs from the Powers whom we attempt to instruct in their duty. The worst thing about the "fooling" of the politicians with foreign questions like this is, that it publishes the shame of our Congress to the world. So long as Senators and Representatives "play politics" with our domestic questions, nobody abroad pays any attention to them; but when they try to regulate the rest of the universe, they disgrace the United States in the eyes of foreigners.

In 1890 that part of the country which lies north of the Potomac and the Ohio and east of the Missouri and the Red River of the North had a population of thirty-five and a half millions. There are in the Senate now thirty-five members from that section (one Delaware seat being vacant), each of whom, therefore, represents on an average something over a million people. Of these thirty-five Senators twenty-three are Republicans and twelve Democrats. On Saturday last thirty-two of them voted or were paired against the Jones free-silver substitute for the House bond bill. The three who voted for it were Senators Cameron, Turpie, and Voorhees. The fourteen States south of the Potomac and the Ohio are represented by twenty-eight Senators, two of whom are Republicans, one a Populist, and twenty-five Democrats. The population of these States in 1890 was 21,000,000. They therefore send to the Senate one member for every 750,000 of their people. One of the Republicans, Senator Elkins, and five of the Democrats, Faulkner, Martin, Caffery, Mills, and Lindsay, had themselves recorded against free coinage, while the remaining Republican, Senator Pritchard, and the one Populist, Senator Butler, and twenty Democrats were among its supporters. From the trans-Missouri States there come twenty-six Senators, five of whom are Populists, two Democrats, and nineteen Republicans. This whole region, including Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, had in 1890 a population of 6,000,000. It therefore has one vote in the Senate for every 234,000 of its inhabitants. Three of the Republican Senators, namely, Thurston, Baker, and McBride, opposed the free-silver substitute, but the remaining twenty-three of the trans-Missouri Senators were all among its supporters. In other words, eleven-twelfths of the Senators from the States which in 1890 had a majority of eight and a half millions of the entire population of the country are opposed to silver monometallism, while its apparent majority is due entirely to the fact that it has among its advocates more than three-fourths of the Senators from the South and more than seven-eighths of those from the far West. In short, the two free-silver sections taken together have upon an average one Senator for every 500,000 people, the anti-free-silver section one for every 1,000,000.

It is worth while to notice also the progress of public opinion on this subject in recent years. On the 17th of June, 1890, Senator Plumb of Kansas offered the following section as an amendment to a House bill on the same subject:

> "That hereafter any owner of silver or gold bullion may deposit the same at any mint of the United States to be formed into standard dollars or bars for his benefit and without charge; but it shall be lawful to refuse any deposit of less value than $100, or any bullion so base as to be unsuitable for the operations of the mint; and said coins shall be a legal tender for all debts, public and private."

This amendment was adopted, and the bill passed the same day in the Senate by a vote of 42 to 25, the majority for free coinage being 17. The number of votes for free coinage on Saturday last was exactly the same, 42, but the negative had grown to 35; that is, ten votes had been gained for sound money in five years, notwithstanding the admission of Utah, Wyoming and Idaho, with six votes gained to the other side in an undemocratic way. Even this does not represent the whole strength of the sound-money forces. In 1890, too, one vote from Pennsylvania was given for free silver, that of Cameron, who will give place to an anti-silver man next year, The State of Kentucky also is to be put in the anti-silver column soon. So it appears that the vote just taken is quite inconsequential, representing not only a minority of the people, but a rapidly decreasing minority. For these reasons the vote in the Senate cannot have any adverse influence on the bids for the new bonds. The effect has been already discounted, and the present prospect is that the bidding will be higher than the price offered by the Morgan syndicate. Of course nobody can speak with confidence on this point until the bids are opened, but the opinion prevails that the bulk of them will be between 108 and 110. The higher price is most gratifying, and is undoubtedly due to the passing away of the war scare.

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A correspondent, writing to us from Santa Barbara, Cal., asks whether it is true that Senator Stewart of Nevada was an advocate of the single gold standard in 1874, as stated in the volume of John Sherman's 'Recollections.' He was. In the *Congressional Record* for that year (page 1392), the subject under debate being an amendment to the national banking act, Senator Stewart, replying to a question from Senator Logan, said:

"I want the standard gold, and no paper money not redeemable in gold; no paper money the value of which is not ascertained; no paper money that will organize a gold board to speculate in it."

The "gold board" referred to was the Gold Exchange in New York, which existed during the suspension of specie payments. Mr. Stewart very properly desired that steps should be taken to "knock out" this institution by resuming specie payments. This debate on the national-bank amendment was somewhat protracted. Mr. Stewart came back to it on the 20th of February (page 1678). Senator Logan had stated that we could not get the gold to resume specie payments with. To which Stewart replied:

"When gold is invited to a country like this, with such an industrious people as we have, with our industry and our resources, I say there will be no difficulty about getting sufficient gold. . . . If you are going to have gold in this country, you must make a demand for gold by using it. . . . You have legislated gold out of your country. Invite it back, and forty million people will get you all the gold you want."

And much more of the same tenor, showing that the only kind of specie payments Stewart thought of or desired was gold payments.

The degradation of the Senate already seemed complete, but Tillman's performance on Wednesday week showed that in the lowest deep a lower deep was still left to be touched. A worse outbreak of blackguardism and incendiarism has never been witnessed in the upper chamber, and it is a melancholy reflection that the country has six years of such diatribes to look for from the same source. All of the conservative traditions of the Senate are now gone, and the new-comer no longer hesitates to begin talking with the frequency and profuseness of a Morgan before he has been two months in his seat. Even before Tillman's outburst, a terrible bore had been revealed in one of the new Senators from North Carolina, and the growth in numbers of the body makes the development of every fresh speechifier of this sort a sad infliction. The correspondents report that the Republican veterans from New England, like Morrill of Vermont and Hoar of Massachusetts, appeared shocked and wounded by the evidence of the decadence of the Senate that was afforded by "the spokesman of the new and degenerate South." But the Republican Senators of New England are not free from blame in this matter. It was Mr. Hoar who welcomed a repudiator from Virginia fifteen years ago as an evangel of a new South, and Massachusetts Republicans have regarded favorably, when they have not actively helped, the movements that have brought into the Senate Butler and Pritchard of North Carolina and Tillman and Irby of South Carolina.

Senator Thurston assures the country that Nebraska is ready for the horrors of a naval war, and this will surely make England think twice before ordering her flying squadron to Omaha. He also announces, with Roman firmness, that he is ready to sacrifice his son on the altar of country, so long as he remains in Washington to vote the family a pension. Such sound and fury serve a good purpose in the country at large by making the whole Davis-resolution intrigue ridiculous. In the Senate itself, however, the accession of a new incendiary will encourage all the others. Canning said that he did not dread the entrance of a firebrand member into the House of Commons, because, he declared, "firebrands as soon as they touch this floor hiss and expire." But that was because the general sense and conservatism of the House fell upon the firebrand like a dash of cold water. In our Senate the case is now vastly different. The floor of the Senate chamber is already filled with firebrands, and every new one that falls on the heap makes the flames leap higher. Instead of water it is oil which the old members fling on each new brand. There is indeed an immense hissing, as Canning said, both of the reptilian and anserine kind, but, unluckily, it shows no sign of expiring.

It is evident that the popularity of the Monroe-Davis-Lodge resolutions is rapidly on the wane. An attempt was made to assert them patriotically in the New Jersey Senate on Monday evening, but the motion was quickly laid on the table. In last Sunday's Boston *Herald*, the Hon. George S. Boutwell, whose stiff Republicanism will not be questioned, had a searching review of the whole conduct of the Venezuela business, in which the President and Secretary Olney, together with Lodge and the other New England representatives whom Mr. Cleveland stampeded, come in for weighty rebuke. Mr. Boutwell's Republicanism and ideas of public policy date back to the time when filibustering principles and highwayman's methods, such as Frye and Lodge advocate, were denounced in Republican platforms, and he is within his rights in calling the rash innovators of the present day to order. To give the finishing touch of farce to the whole business, it is now announced that the Senate will have the rest of the debate on the Davis resolutions held behind closed doors. This seems incredible. Can patriotism be hidden under a bushel? What would "the immortal Monroe" think of Senators who were afraid to mention his name except with bated breath and in secret? If there is a sense of humor beyond the grave, we fear he would smile a pitying smile, especially when he remembered how short a time it was since these same subterranean Senators were riding the whirlwind and directing the storm of war with what Dr. Johnson would call "easy volubility."

Mr. Harrison's announcement that his name must not be presented or used in the St. Louis convention calls attention to the extraordinary condition of our politics within half a year of the time when the two great parties must present their platforms and candidates in a Presidential campaign. The situation was vividly portrayed in this answer by Senator Brice of Ohio to a recent question by the correspondent of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, as to what was going to be the outcome of pending attempts at legislation:

"Nothing, nothing. We are going to drift along, that's all. The Senate is drifting, the Administration is drifting, the House of Representatives is drifting, the Democratic party is drifting, the Republican party is drifting, the Populists are drifting. Everybody and everything is drifting."

Yes; "everybody and everything is drifting." So far as parties are concerned, no one need worry; the country can get along if either of them disappears. But how long can the government of a great nation drift without danger of shipwreck? Mr. Harrison, who now takes himself out of the contest, has sometimes been called "the logical candidate" of his party; but where is the logic in nominating for another term the man who, in his first term, favored a tariff law which his own party is not now ready to revive, a silver-purchase act which his party had to help repeal within three years, and a force bill which no member of his party would now hear of? McKinley, too, is sometimes called the logical candidate, but the logic of taking a man whose policy has once been rejected by the country is only clear when at least his own party is unitedly and enthusiastically for trying it again.

Mr. Reed continues to be a tongue-tied candidate for the Presidency. What he thinks about the currency, about the tariff, about foreign policy, the public does not have the faintest idea. We are compelled, therefore, to infer his views from what he does and from the character of the men who are fighting his battles. In Louisiana his "manager" is the notorious ex-Gov. Kellogg, and the convention which he controlled was in favor of sugar bounties, free silver, and the Populist creed in general. Eight of the Louisiana delegates are reported to be certain for Reed. The question is, can he go on dumbly receiving and working for such support without alarming his friends in the North and East? If this Southern

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support were given him in the face of open declarations against Southern financial heresies, the case would be different. But Mr. Reed has not committed himself on a single point, except that he consumedly wants to be President.

The Republican rising against Platt closely resembles, in cause and course, the Democratic rising against Hill four years ago. There were exactly the same objections to pushing that movement which Mr. Root makes to the punishment of Platt at this season. To the honor of the independent Democrats be it said, these objections made no impression on them. They said that the time to punish fraud was always the time when it was found out; that stays of proceedings were unknown in the forum of morals; that they would not let Hill alone in order to share his plunder. They accordingly went ahead, and Providence, who generally smiles on courage working in the service of honesty, rewarded them with complete success. It will not do for Republican moralists to have lower standards and fainter hearts than the Democrats. If parties are never to be purified in the Presidential year, the fate of this Government is certain, for all real power is rapidly passing into the hands of the men who boss the nominating conventions, and the Presidential year is always the one in which the chief frauds are committed. Mr. Root's plea for delay is very like a proposal never to punish housebreaking during the long nights; to wait always before arresting thieves for the pleasant summer weather, when they are off "tramping" in the country. Better news for the political rogues than that the laws of morality were suspended before every Presidential campaign there could hardly be.

The report of the committee on the Dunraven charges is most thorough and convincing. One knows not which more to admire, the acute sifting of the flimsy evidence upon which Dunraven based his monstrous accusations, together with the overwhelming array of rebutting testimony, or the tone of courteous restraint and impartiality in which the whole is pitched. There is not a word of fretting or fury, no calling of names or bristling of ears or mane. In a very excess of politeness, the committee express their conviction that Dunraven himself, if he had stayed through the investigation and heard all the evidence, would, of his own motion, have withdrawn the charges which originated in a mistake. The only man who comes in for "arraigning" in the whole report is the owner of the *Herald*, who is rebuked for the dishonorable action of that paper in stealing a part of the evidence taken, and who, we believe, under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, is liable to expulsion therefor. The best of all is that this report will convince the world that we still have gentlemen left in this country, who know how to conduct an international controversy as gentlemen should. To hear both sides patiently and exhaustively, to seek every ray of light possible, and then to sum up the whole without a particle of passion, is the first instinct of a gentleman, and ought not to seem a wonderful thing at all. It does seem so only by contrast with the horrible manners and wretched ill-breeding, to go no further, which our professional diplomats have lately displayed. The thanks of the country are due to Messrs. Phelps, Morgan, Whitney, Mahan, and Rives, not merely for their excellent work in the matter immediately in hand, but for the great example they have set us of gentlemanly methods. They will have gone far, in the eyes of Europeans, towards rehabilitating the American character, and towards making the boorishness of Messrs. Cleveland and Olney appear, as it was, a break with our best traditions and wholly unrepresentative of the country.

It is hard to know whether to laugh or weep over the picture of the great Chicago editors, comparing notes after a year's experience, and finding that the net result of all their mad antics in the way of prizes and lotteries and guessing-contests and colored pictures and general endeavor to make the public buy what it did not want, was $500,000 thrown away, stationary circulations, and degraded papers. They now swear they are cured, and beg to be let out of the madhouse. The great trouble with them, and all their frenzied kind, is that they have been keeping their eyes on each other instead of on the newspaper-reading public. One lunatic editor excites another to more extravagant madness, and the poor forgotten public suffers and grows unutterably weary. No man who has any means of finding out what his rational fellows think, can doubt that "the average man in every American city" would gladly and gratefully welcome "a newspaper that should give him only the news, and the news prepared in such a way as to make the marvellous enterprise of its publisher in getting it a secondary matter." What a blessed relief, too, would it be to thousands to dispense with "the witty reporter," who thrusts his gibes and flouts in your face instead of telling you what actually occurred or was said; to find a paper that preferred to be accurate rather than to startle; that would present general and trustworthy news in place of "exclusive" misinformation and indecency; that should be written for its readers, not for its rivals—that should, in short, display simply ordinary intelligence, manners, and morality. The opportunity for such a morning paper in New York is just now immense. The field for the other kind is more than full, as we understand those papers are finding out to their cost which are trying to trumpet their way into it.

It has long been the opinion of those who knew Lord Salisbury well that he was not a man of action; that his administration would never produce a policy in any direction except towards Ireland; that serious dealing with any other problems of the day was not and never would be his forte. He is, and always has been, a skilful critic, especially of Mr. Gladstone and the "Rads" and the Home-Rulers, a powerful dialectician, and, as Mr. Disraeli once said of him, "a master of flouts and sneers"; but he has really, in spite of the Tory confidence in him and admiration of him, never shown the slightest disposition to take great responsibilities on himself. Consequently none were so much amused by the extravagant promises made in his behalf by the Conservative orators at the last election as those who were best acquainted with his character. He has undoubtedly led the English public during the last six months to believe that he was going to bring the Turks to reason, that he had the means of stopping the Armenian horrors, that the Berlin Treaty, which he and Lord Beaconsfield brought home in such triumph, did assure peace and protection to the Christians of Asiatic Turkey. He now cynically announces that it meant nothing at all for them except England's approval of any reforms the Sultan chose to undertake; that England, since she cannot attack the problem from the land side, is utterly powerless to help them, without the concurrence of the Powers, and that the Powers will not concur.

This is all solemn truth, as we have been pointing out in these columns for months. England is and always has been powerless of herself. No Power can of its own motion, and unaided by others, do anything for the Armenians except Russia. But such an open avowal of impotence and helplessness, on behalf of a great nation, we presume, was never before made by an English minister. The feebleness of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy used to be a favorite theme of Conservative orators, but Mr. Gladstone was a flaming son of Mars compared to Lord Salisbury. The worst thing Mr. Gladstone ever did in this direction was to make peace with an interesting and brave little people, the Boers, whom the Jingoes were trying to rob of their independence. What would they have said if he had vapored for a year and then confessed to mankind that there was no fight in him? There is no doubt that this astonishing speech will lower English prestige. Lord Salisbury cannot help the Armenians—granted. But to tell the Sultan and the world that he never thought he could, and tell the Turks that Christendom in the nineteenth century is powerless against them, is the worst of those "blazing indiscretions" of which John Morley has said Lord Salisbury is guilty every time he opens his mouth. It is enough to make Pitt turn in his grave.

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SOME RESULTS OF THE TARIFF.

TWENTY years ago the opponents of the protective policy were just as convinced as they are to-day that it would in some way, but they could not exactly say in what, work enormous damage to this government, if it did not sow in it the seeds of positive decay. We think the precise way is now pretty clearly traced out. It was plain enough, *a priori*, at the period we mention, that the complete absorption of the leading political party in tariff legislation, its sacrifice of every other public interest to the tariff, and the rigorous use of the tariff test as a condition of admission to public life and office, would end in driving out of politics nearly all the thinking force of the nation —the class of men who were occupied with larger questions than the protection of manufactures, or who were capable of dealing with them. How many such men are left in public life to-day? Who is there in Senate or House whom anybody listens to with confidence and respect on any subject at all, and notably the great issues of war and peace? Who is the international lawyer in public life? Who is the great authority on currency and finance? Who expounds the Constitution, and stands for jurisprudence, and science, and art, or any of the great humanizing agencies? Who, in fact, has, on a pinch, a word to say for civilization itself? We shall be glad to call attention to any such gentlemen if, in the opinion of their admirers, we have overlooked them.

Now why should this be? The explanation is very easy. Legislation which enables a large body of rich men all over the country to calculate and enter in their ledgers the exact sum which a certain act of Congress will put into their individual pockets, is probably the greatest indirect incentive to corruption ever devised. No popular government could resist it for ten years. Not only does it give every manufacturer a direct commercial interest in the return of one type of man only to the Legislature, and that not a very high one, but it makes it a matter of business with him to resist and wage war on every other type. More than this, in a country of universal suffrage, it drives the employers of labor irresistibly into teaching not only their own employees, but all the poor and ignorant, that the chief function of Government is the making of profits and raising of wages, and causes all its other business to seem insignificant. Let a generation or two grow up under this teaching, and you soon have the devil let loose. You set every man who is not rich at work devising plans for making the Government give him more of the money which he thinks is due to him. You stimulate hatred and envy of the rich, because you make the masses think that they, through governmental carelessness and apathy, have got more than their share. You give all the manufacturers and corporations, too, an interest in establishing the boss system in all the States, so as more easily, through the boss, to control the nominating machinery and prevent men hostile to their interests from getting into office. In fact, the march of our politics under this system to its present condition has almost the order and sequence of a natural agency.

The recent extraordinary phenomenon known as "standing behind the President" in an ill-mannered, sudden, and unexpected attack on a friendly Power, accompanied and followed by a great outpouring of popular hate of a foreign nation, with disastrous effects on trade and commerce and public credit, is another direct result of the protective policy. In order to maintain the high tariff and justify the twenty-five increases of it, culminating in the McKinley bill, which we owe to the Republican party, hatred and suspicion of foreigners had to be embodied in the party creed and made the leading feature in popular education. Foreigners, and particularly Englishmen, had to be represented as constantly watching and plotting against the United States, as trying to influence our elections with money, and meditating designs against our prosperity. From this to rejoicing in the misery caused among foreigners by the loss of our trade, and predicting that, as our commerce grows, we shall have to keep a large navy for the purpose of fighting them, and finally to the development of deep hatred and desire to kill them in battle, among people who had never seen Englishmen at all, was a short step, and it was easily taken. Out of this, too, has grown the widespread delusion that America ought to be sufficient unto herself, ought to have a civilization of her own and currency of her own, and live apart from the rest of mankind on her own literature and ideas. It has been growing, curiously enough, just as the great Eastern empire of China is slowly laying this system of isolation aside, as a failure, after several thousand years of trial, and after the experience of many nations had shown that isolation ends in stagnation, and that contact with a variety of ideas and institutions is the first condition of progress.

Though last not least, the protective policy has brought on us the silver craze and its accompanying barbarisms. The plan of bringing in a number of small, scantily peopled silver States to keep down and counterbalance the rising anti-protective ideas of the East, or, as they frankly expressed it, to make sure of the McKinley tariff for ten years, was a device of the Republican majority in the Reed Congress of 1890. This plan, which really involved the submergence of our government under a tide of semi-barbarism from the mining towns, has now been followed for six years, and here is the result (we quote from the *Evening Post*):

"Nevada, with only 45,761 people, and most of them a harum scarum lot, has as many votes as New York with 5,997,853; Wyoming's 60,705 as Pennsylvania's 5,258,014; and Idaho's 84,385 as Ohio's 3,672,316. The ten States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, in one section and with a common interest, with only one-thirtieth of the population of the nation, have twenty of the ninety Senators, or two-fifths of a majority."

These men, reinforced by like-minded legislators from other States west of the Mississippi, while representing only a quarter of the population, are, when united, within eight of commanding a majority of the Senate. Most of them have brought with them the protective idea in its last and crudest and most violent form, for they are in favor of protecting even native money from foreign competition. They avow that they are not only in favor of the excision of America from the civilized world, but of enhancing in every way they can, by legislation, the silver which they wish to make the medium of exchange. The mediæval monarchs used to prohibit the exportation of the precious metals because they wanted them to be cheaper at home, and we laugh over it; but our barbarians "go them one better," for they propose to keep them at home to make them dearer. In fact, anybody who is lecturing at a Circle like Chautauqua, or any summer school, on the history of civilization, could not do better than take his class down to Washington, and converse with a Western silver Senator on currency, credit, and international exchange, as a means of getting a glimpse of the mind of Clovis, or Merovig, or any of the great barbarian chiefs of the fifth and sixth centuries. They will thus acquire more knowledge of the mediæval world in a couple of hours than by a year's study of chronicles or records. The silver craze, in fact, in its trans-Mississippian development, as well as the degradation of the Senate, which is now exciting so much alarm, is as direct a result of the Republican policy of the last quarter of a century as if it embodied it all in a single act of Congress.

THE POCKET VS. PATRIOTISM.

A BOSTON paper reported the President as marvelling greatly, in a letter to a banker of that city, that New England business men should have shown, in the Venezuelan flurry, so much more concern for their pockets than for patriotism. We know, at any rate, that, in the deadly rebuke of the Harvard professors levelled at them by the eminent youth who has more understanding than all his teachers, severe things were said of "stock-jobbing timidity—the kind of statesmanship which is clamored for at this moment by the men who put monetary gain before national honor." It is, indeed, a loathsome picture of the sordid spirit which is thus drawn for us—thousands of merchants and manufacturers, with good red blood to spill, meekly putting up with national insult and disgrace for the sake of a few miserable dollars. Contrasted with them, we are asked to admire the band of gene-

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rous and full-souled men, thirsting for honor and despising the jingle of the guinea, who follow their country's flag right or wrong, and count all the rest the vile dross it is.

Everybody must feel indignant as he looks on that picture and then on this. What man so low as not to blush for the cravens who weigh their pocket-books against their country? But, to be consistent, and to insist upon making and keeping our patriotism entirely pure, we shall have to go farther. We shall have to consider the case of those who throw their pocket-books into the same scale with their country—who throw in a very flat and gaping pocket-book, in the hope of getting it back again plump and sleek. In other words, if sordidness is at deadly enmity with patriotism, nobody must be allowed to go to war or advocate war who will not solemnly agree in advance to come out poorer than he goes in. This would at once rule out all naval contractors, one of whom was lately heard to say that he hoped to Heaven there would be a war to give him a chance to make a fortune. It would prevent, also, all furnishing of supplies except at less than cost, all pensions, all promotions with higher pay, all paying of debts in the depreciated currency which war would be certain to bring. We must not have any scandalous getting rich out of the country's troubles, such as plagued us in the civil war. No one should be permitted to speak or vote for war who will not put on file an inventory of all his worldly goods, and give a bond to bring no more out of the war than he carries in. Only in this way can we get a Gideon's band of absolutely disinterested patriots before whom no enemy could stand.

Then we must revise our histories, and stop making patriots of our forefathers who went to war for their pockets' sake. It will never do to say that it is honorable to go to war for a few dollars, but dastardly to try to avert war for the same reason. The American Revolution was, as a philosophic historian tersely defines it, "a money war." The colonists, as Burke said, had no such wonderful love of liberty in the abstract, but were like the sordid English in having that love "fixed and attached" on the point of control of their own property. Now it cannot be at the same time patriotic to go to war for the sake of keeping the money that belongs to you, and recreant to country and all that is sacred to wish to avoid war from the same motive. Historically, all wars originate in a desire to plunder or to escape being plundered. But we have changed all that, and made war simply the nursery of manhood and all gracious and heroic qualities. As Senator Thurston and Mr. Roosevelt maintain, a base "money-changer" cannot live in the pure atmosphere of disinterested war. But this view, we repeat, will make our Revolutionary sires little better than stock-jobbers, and will go far to account for Washington's complaint that his ranks could not be kept full because the war was so mercenary in spirit and was carried on with so little patriotism.

How cleanly our off-hand instructors in war and love of country beg the whole question by their epithets about "the pocket," would be clear even to them if they would stop and ask themselves what is really meant by their pet phrase, the pocket. Does it mean a miserly clutching of creature comforts? Do the men who ask to be shown the reason and justice of war, before being driven madly into it, think only of eating and drinking and good clothes and social enjoyments, and cry out with the Persian, "Ah, take the cash and let the credit go"? Nothing of the kind. What staggers and dismays them in the thought of war, what outrages them in the wild war-talk of raw and silly boys, is the perception of the fearful blow to the whole fabric of civilization which war would strike. "The pocket," in a rational mind, means the most complicated and interdependent system of trade and commerce and industry the world ever saw; it means the daily bread of millions of men and women whom a great war would throw at once into beggary or burglary; it means the progress of art and literature and general refinement; the founding and support of colleges and churches and missions—in short, the chief things that make life worth living and the evolution of society aught but a terrible mockery. Yet it is the man who asks his fellows to stop and think of the imperilling of these great proofs and forces of civilization, who is to be held up as a selfish, spiritless, miserly wretch cumbering the earth!

But what about national honor and dignity? Yes; what about them!

> "They tell you, sir," said Burke in the English Parliament, speaking of the mad rush into war with America, "they tell you that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible encumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end; and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than ever I could discern."

There is the true answer to the raging of the heathen about "national honor." Honor that has no relation to justice, or good faith, or our own highest self-interest, or the only reason of government and national life at all, is but another name for what is base and savage. Between that kind of false and fraudulent "honor," and "the pocket" that really means the fairest fruits of civilization and Christianity, rational men will not long hesitate how to choose.

VENEZUELAN GOLD FIELDS.

If we may judge from paragraphs in the newspapers, there is a large stock of misinformation touching the gold mines in Venezuela, or British Guiana, whichever the country they may belong to. An impression certainly exists that the desire to possess those mines is the ruling motive in Great Britain in the boundary controversy. A morning paper in this city, for example, says that the production of gold there reached £375,000 in 1891, and had risen to £510,000 in 1894, and then tells its readers that "these gold fields are, of course, the whole cause of the quarrel between England and Venezuela, and the prospect of their increasing production constitutes the chief difficulty in the way of arbitration." Turning to Lord Salisbury's despatch of November 26, upon which Mr. Cleveland founded his bumptious message of December 17, we read this:

> "They [her Majesty's Government] have, on the contrary, repeatedly expressed their readiness to submit to arbitration the conflicting claims of Great Britain and Venezuela to large tracts of territory which from their auriferous nature are known to be of almost untold value."

He went on to say that they could not submit to arbitration territory which had long been settled by British subjects, who were accustomed to a quiet life and well-ordered government, and thus expose them to the chance of frequent revolutionary disorder. In other words, the very territory which many, perhaps most, of our people consider the bone of contention, the British Government has always been ready to submit to arbitration. Now, what do these gold mines amount to *in esse*, not *in posse*?

The recognized authority on gold fields, foreign and domestic, is the United States Mint, which publishes each year, in addition to the regular Mint report, a volume on the "Production of the Precious Metals." Turning to this volume for 1894, we find the latest information then available concerning these mines. They are grouped under the head of British Guiana, which shows that our own officials, at a time when there was no boundary controversy raging, considered these mines to be in British territory. That these are the mines referred to in the current stock of misinformation is made clear by the statistical returns of the output as tabulated in the Mint report, which are nearly identical with those quoted above. There are other gold mines in Venezuela proper, but their total production in 1894 was only $851,000, that of British Guiana being $2,310,100.

The most important and direct information touching the mines of Guiana comes from Mr. Louis S. Delaplaine, United States Consul at Georgetown, Demerara. He tells us that there are five separate and distinct gold fields "in the colony," each of which is difficult to reach, there being no regular means of transportation in that region. Not only is transportation difficult, but there are no roads. There is not even a bridle-path, there is not even a footpath to the mining districts. The only way to reach

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them is by open boats poled along the rivers by native Indians. "The fall of the rivers," he says, "is very steep, and there are numerous falls and cataracts to be passed which make the journey laborious and expensive, and also very unpleasant, with the hot sun continually beating down on the traveller's head; provisions and supplies of all kinds must be transported in the same way." It takes three weeks to reach one of these districts which is only one hundred miles from Georgetown.

These are only a minor part of the difficulties to be encountered in getting the gold out of the ground. The country is about in the centre of the tropical rains, which fall incessantly "for months at a time," says Mr. Delaplaine. One consequence is that the vegetation is dense and almost impenetrable, requiring a vast deal of digging and grubbing to get into the ground at all. Another is that the climate is unhealthy. Fevers are prevalent, and only the hardiest constitutions can long survive there. There is no white labor to be had there, and no intelligent labor of any color. The negroes, who are employed to do manual work, "are about as worthless and lazy as can be imagined, not to speak of their moral and mental deficiencies, which are matters of no slight importance." There was only one quartz mill in operation there at the time when Mr. Delaplaine wrote, but another one had been ordered. The ore is not so rich generally as that of California, but it may prove richer when means are found to go deeper below the surface. It is estimated roughly that up to this time the gold taken out has not repaid the cost of getting it, but there is good reason to believe that there will be a credit balance soon. Gold mines exercise a powerful influence on the imagination, not only of the miner, but of the capitalist who never sees the mine. Only an insignificant part of the gold-bearing region has yet been explored.

Mr. Delaplaine neither advises Americans to try their luck in these gold fields, nor dissuades them. He thinks upon the whole that a man who thoroughly understands the business, and who can command a capital of not less than $2,500, and who has a sound constitution, and who does not drink alcoholic or malt liquors, may go there with a reasonably fair prospect of success even under present conditions. The future prosperity of the mining districts, however, depends upon the introduction of capital, the maintenance of order, the making of roads, the education of the blacks, and, in short, the civilization of the country. What progress Venezuela is likely to make towards these ameliorations we may judge from what she has done in the past. There is a revolution overdue in that country now, which the intending reformers tell us is suspended only on account of the boundary dispute. When this is settled they will clean out Crespo in short order.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

THE earliest living graduate of Harvard College, pastor emeritus of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, died without warning in that city on Thursday last. His faculties were practically unimpaired, and he had made elaborate public addresses within the last three months.

Dr. Furness was born in Boston, April 20, 1802. His earliest education at one "dame's school" after another was in company with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was a year younger than himself. A happy consequence of this is the charming recollections of Emerson's childhood and youth in Cabot's 'Life of Emerson.' Dr. Furness says they were babies together, and, indeed, they were that at school. Before his third birthday we find Emerson's father complaining that he did not read very well. Later they went to the Latin School together and to a private school at the same time to learn to write, and Dr. Furness tells how his companion's tongue worked up and down with his pen, and thanks heaven that "he never had any talent for anything—nothing but pure genius, which talents would have overlaid." Inspired by the naval victories of the war of 1812, young Emerson wrote a romance in verse called "Fortus," and young Furness furnished the illustrations. It was a work of mutual admiration, and is still preserved by an appreciative friend. Another schoolfellow of the earliest times was Mr. Samuel Bradford. Emerson, in the seventies, wrote that the three "had agreed not to grow old, at least to each other." The agreement was well kept. Dr. Furness and Emerson had ever a very great affection for each other, but had little correspondence. There is a story current to the effect that once, when Furness had broken the long silence, Emerson regretted it—it had been so pleasant to be sure of mutual recollection without any sign.

From the Latin School Dr. Furness went to Harvard College and was graduated in 1820; from the Cambridge Theological School in 1823. Preaching as a candidate in various churches in and around Boston, he received no call, and was well pleased—"such a hearty dread," he says in his fiftieth anniversary discourse, the most considerable bit of autobiography he has left for our instruction, "had I of being settled in Boston, whose churchgoers had in those days the reputation of being terribly critical; and rhetoric then and there was almost a religion." Afterwards, while preaching in Baltimore for a few Sundays, he received an invitation to preach in Philadelphia on his way to Boston, and, doing so, was invited, before he left, to return and be the minister of the society. He had ever a suspicion that the committee which invited him comprised nearly the whole meeting they professed to represent. Philadelphia was a great way from Boston, the Unitarian centre, and ordinations were a solemn business in those days, so that six months were consumed in making the necessary preparations; but finally Mr. Furness was ordained, January 12, 1825. Those taking part in the service were mostly young men, but one of them was Dr. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester, Mass., father of the late George Bancroft, one of the Unitarian pioneers, then in his seventieth year. Dr. Furness was the first regular pastor of the Philadelphia society, though in 1825 it was already twenty-nine years old. It had been organized in 1796 by Dr. Joseph Priestley, who had come to this country two years before. He was living at that time in Northumberland, Pa., and had gone to Philadelphia to deliver certain lectures on the evidences of Christianity. The interest excited by these lectures led to the organization of a Unitarian society, the first organized as such in the United States, though King's Chapel, Boston, had fallen away from Episcopacy into Unitarianism nine years before. Priestley could not be persuaded to remain in Philadelphia and become the pastor of the new society, but advised the regular lay reading of Unitarian literature, and this was kept up, with some lay and clerical preaching, until 1825. A small brick octagon church was built in 1813, which in 1828 was displaced by the pleasant and commodious building in which Dr. Furness preached till the conclusion of his active pastorate in 1875.

Dr. Furness had several qualities that made for his success in the ministry: a fine face and noble presence, a voice remarkable for depth and melody, a style of great simplicity. His was "a standard of pulpit reading which he himself exemplified without a peer," and no higher standard has been known among us. His work as a minister of religion was profoundly individual. Though his ministry began in the most heated period of the Unitarian Controversy, his own preaching was seldom negative or controversial. Its doctrinal part was mainly incidental. When he had occasion to oppose ideas, there was seldom a descent to personal polemics. Channing himself was not more unsectarian than he, or less denominational. Personally he kept himself aloof from all denominational organizations—a circumstance not a little irritating to Dr. Bellows and others with a like passion for organized activities; and his society followed his example. He could never be induced to attend the meetings of the National Conference until it came to Philadelphia, and fairly "roped him in," when he was eighty-seven years old. His ecclesiastical aloofness never prejudiced his Unitarian standing in the least degree; he was counted in while counting himself out, and the warmth of his personal affections made good the lack of formal fellowship. His friendship with Dr. Hedge was, perhaps, the closest of many that enriched his life. For many younger men he had the warmest heart; and while he had some pride in his discovery of Robert Collyer, Mr. Collyer was especially grateful to him as "the first minister in good standing who didn't patronize him." In Philadelphia as a citizen and neighbor his associations had no bounds of sect or creed. Orthodox liberality was always furnishing some fresh encouragement of his faith in the essential unity of all believing souls, and the Roman Catholic bishop was a favorite companion, and furnished him with some of the best stories in a repertory that was always full and overflowing.

Dr. Furness's preaching was not a circle with one centre, but an ellipse with two, from the inception of the anti-slavery conflict till the end of the civil war. The two centres were the naturalness of Jesus and his miracles, and the abolition of slavery. His interest and engrossment in the anti-slavery cause cost him much broken friendship and social disesteem; some that he loved and trusted most doing their best to keep him back from manly opposition to the nation's sin. But they could not do it. His courage grew with opposition, and, let who would hear him or forbear, his convictions found frequent and unmistakable expression in his Sunday speech. Maria Weston Chapman speaks of him as coming at length "into practical fellowship with the American abolitionists." To more than that, with his

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distrust of all organizations, he could not attain. The proudest recollection of his life was of the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York in 1850, signalized by the Rynders mob. He saw it all, and was a part of it as one of the speakers of the day. "Never before or since," wrote Dr. Furness, "have I been so deeply moved as on that occasion. Depths were stirred in me never before reached."

The other centre of Dr. Furness's enthusiasm as a preacher became the only one when slavery was at length abolished. Even before that it seemed to him, as he reviewed his life, that his interest in the anti-slavery cause did not divert him from his interest in the historical value of the Four Gospels, but rather made it more; helped him better to appreciate the human dignity of Jesus and the spirit of his work. Few lives have been so unified by a course of study flowing with unabated energy from first to last for more than fifty years. Six or eight major books, and scores of lesser books and pamphlets, were the literary products which this current bore along. All these had but a single two-fold theme: the historical validity of the Gospels proved by the naturalness of their contents; and the naturalness of Jesus, without exception on account of the miracles ascribed to him, and without questioning their actual occurrence. With each new volume, as he went on "still clutching the inviolable shade, with a free onward impulse," he thought he had done it better than before, only to become soon dissatisfied and set out on another quest. For many of his later years he seldom preached on anything but one or another aspect of his favorite theme. "I suppose you write many sermons," he said to a young friend about 1870; "I write only one, but I keep on writing it over." There was something pathetic in this long insistence, especially when more and more he failed to command the assent or even to catch the ear of his coreligionists or others, until at length the unique impressiveness of his serene and beautiful old age won for him the fresh attention of the younger generations.

The impulse of Dr. Furness's method probably came from Paulus's 'Life of Jesus,' published in Germany in 1828, or from his 'Exegetical Hand-book,' published in 1830–33. The fundamental rationalism was the same in either case, but Dr. Furness's handling of the principle was that of a poet, while Paulus's was that of a man absolutely prosaic and devoid of taste. Many of Dr. Furness's interpretations are real helps to a better understanding of the Gospels and the character of Jesus, and, where they are not, their ingenious subtlety and their unfailing beauty are a great delight. It is generally agreed that the volumes of 1836 and 1838 contain the best he had to give, though some of the other volumes, and especially 'Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth,' have very interesting and suggestive passages.

Dr. Furness was married August 29, 1825, to Annis Pulling Jenks of Salem, Mass., and she outlived by several years the conclusion of his pastorate in 1875. She was a lady of great beauty, and her portrait by Sully, painted in her early womanhood, is one of the most attractive examples of his art. Her face was imaged in her mind and in her heart. Their oldest son, William, a painter of great promise, died in his early manhood. The other children have all won distinction in their separate fields, Dr. Horace H. Furness as a Shakspere scholar, Mr. Frank Furness as an architect, Mrs. Annis Lee Wister as a translator of German novels. The happiness of Dr. Furness in his children was his crowning joy. After his retirement from the regular duties of the ministry he was regarded by his former people as their pastor emeritus, and often preached for them, and in a few years was formally invested with the office. His successor, the Rev. Joseph May, a son of the Rev. Samuel J. May, with a full portion of his father's spirit, was as well qualified as any one could be to take up Dr. Furness's work and carry it on with all the quiet earnestness and public spirit of the patriarch who laid it down.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S NEW DEPARTURE.

LONDON, January 6, 1896.

THERE has been much talk lately of the honor done to the Royal Academy by the bestowal of a peerage upon its President; but the Academy's true distinction just now is the presence upon its walls of the work of the French Romanticists, whose existence it has hitherto ignored. Their appearance at Burlington House is certainly a concession to those critics who, for long, have inveighed against the indifference shown to the great modern French painters by official representatives of art in England. Landseers and Friths may litter the walls of the National Gallery, but space never yet has been found for a Corot or a Millet; apparently, Directors labor under the delusion that French art came to an end with Claude, and Poussin, and Watteau. Year after year, in its winter exhibition, the Academy has resurrected "deceased masters of the British School" who had better have been allowed to remain in peaceful obscurity; but to the dealers has been left the far pleasanter task of presenting the modern French masters to the English public. This might seem the more unaccountable since it is to the English Constable that these men, in large measure, owed their inspiration, were it not remembered that Constable himself was misunderstood by the Academy, of which he was a member.

All these things considered, the new departure strikes one as little less than revolutionary within such conservative walls. But indeed, recently, Academicians have given several signs of a sensible desire to amend their ways, and to make the Academy something more than a pleasant club for genial gentlemen who happen to paint. Artistic discrimination has been manifested in the election of at least two or three Associates. Last winter a gallery devoted to the goldsmith's work was practically the first formal recognition of decorative or industrial art, which has been an unknown quantity in an Academy supposed to include all the Arts. The same sort of work was prominent in the spring exhibition; once more, in the winter show just opened, the sculptor-goldsmith is to the fore, now almost as a matter of course. And, as strongest proof of the striving after a more liberal policy, comes the present admission into Academical headquarters of the Romantic School so persistently overlooked. If the National Gallery but follow suit, the official reparation for years of inexplicable neglect will be complete.

Let me say at once that the chief interest of the French pictures now collected together lies in the fact of their being here at all. There can be small doubt that a better selection could easily have been made. At many of the dealers', at Boussod & Valadon's, at Mr. Van Wisselingh's, at Mr. Laurie's, I have seen far finer and more representative series of Barbizon masterpieces. It would seem as if the Academy had half-repented of its unaccustomed liberality, and, even while admitting the Romanticists, had refused to show them in their most distinguished moods and moments. Besides, to hang just a chance Pater or Watteau, Boucher or Fragonard, charming as each may be, or just an occasional Meissonier or Bastien-Lepage, is to introduce distracting elements without a sufficient compensating gain.

However, to imply that all the examples chosen are unimportant would be to give a false impression. Probably, among artists, few pictures of the Romantic period produced a greater sensation than Millet's "Wood-Sawyers," lent to the Academy by Mr. Ionides. To the public, the "Angelus," with its touch of obvious sentiment, may ever have been Millet's most notable achievement. But the artist who prizes certain technical qualities in a picture more highly than sentiment, could see in the "Wood-Sawyers," when first exhibited, a successful defiance to those academic restrictions that make for banality and commonplace. Judged by academic standards, the figures might be out of drawing, the action expressed by illegitimate means, the color-scheme a challenge to all tradition, and the indifference to detail might amount to an offence. To-day so much more daring have been the innovators that such a picture would create no special excitement in the studios. There seems no reason to question means when an impression of movement is so admirably recorded, when the mystery and rich shadowy depths of a forest background are so delightfully suggested. But, I must confess, to me the blue trousers of the central figure are so needlessly aggressive that there are times when Mr. Hole's quite wonderful black-and-white interpretation is more satisfactory than the original itself. However this may be, it is fortunate that the "Wood-Sawyers," of all the many Millets, should have been forthcoming when, for the first time, the Romanticists make their welcome intrusion into an Academy exhibition.

Of the other painters in the little group, there is nothing of equal significance, though the four Corots have the advantage of helping to explain the successive phases through which the artist passed before the final development of the style now most intimately associated with his name. To mark his earliest period, there is a tiny "Rome," the trimmed trees of the Pincian forming a sombre frame to the familiar, almost hackneyed, view of St. Peter's—a view here flooded with sunlight as brilliant as any that ever shone on the canvases of Fortuny and his followers. Already Corot's methods had broadened in a lovely "Avignon," town and river, and the vast plain that stretches to the horizon's low hills, seen from a near height—a harmony in the sad grays, pale silvery greens, and sunlit blues that fill the strange olive-clad land of Provence. But it is in the "Evening," a sketch probably for the large picture of the same name, and in the "Ville d'Avray," one of innumerable versions of the landscape Corot never wearied of painting, that he reveals himself the great master of tone, the idyllic poet whose medium was paint. Rousseau also is here, in a stately Valley of the Seine as he saw it from the terraces of St. Cloud; and, with him, are Courbet and Troyon—most inefficiently represented—Diaz and Daubigny, Delacroix and Decamps, Ingres and Géricault; in a word, all the men who brought to Romanticism its glory and its wide-extended influence for good.

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The descriptions of these canvases, since they are mostly well known, would be superfluous. It is really more useful to note the value of the opportunity now offered for a very suggestive comparative study. In an adjoining room hang three large Constables, and by referring to these not only may you measure the debt of the Barbizon men to the most original of all English landscape-painters, but you cannot mistake the tremendous advance upon the old methods which they, in their turn, made. To emphasize still further the difference between the old and new schools of landscape-painting, two large Claudes are in the immediate vicinity of the Constables. In the Claudes, both nominally with a Scriptural theme, the classical convention is seen in its perfection. Here is the arrangement of rocks and rivers and classical architecture that never existed save on the classicist's canvas—perhaps it most nearly approached realization in the Chicago Exhibition; here, the light that never was, on sea or land. To look from them to the Constables, is to be confronted with the work of a man who felt the weakness of the classical convention, who objected to looking at nature for ever through the spectacles of the schools, and who, seeing things for himself, endeavored to record them as they are, not as they may compose by rule and compass. The naturalism of Constable is evident in "The Jumping Horse," the "Stratford Mill," the "Landscape," now exhibited. But evident, too, is that which is the great defect of many of his large landscapes—his undue, if conscientious, elaboration of detail until his canvas contains a dozen pictures instead of one only. You need go no further than to the stairway leading to the Academy's Diploma Galleries—all too seldom visited by the crowds who would not miss the spring's show or the winter's Old Masters—to be reminded what an incomparable master Constable was when he sketched. But he had a tendency, when it came to painting a large picture, to arrange upon one canvas half-a-dozen or more of his marvellous little studies. The effect of the composition as a whole is thus sacrificed to parts having all too little relation to each other, and the result is a certain restlessness that fatigues the eye. This the French Romanticists recognized to be a mistake, though their early canvases prove that they too could, and did for a time, devote to detail all the minute observation and elaboration of a Constable. But in their best work they carried his naturalism to its legitimate conclusion, and sought, not merely to render a landscape, but to render it as they saw it, preserving on their canvas the unity of their actual impression. To follow with intelligence, as you can now at the Academy, the development of landscape-painting from Claude to Corot, through Constable, is one way to finding a clue to what to so many people is still the enigma of modern impressionism.

I have dwelt upon this section of the Exhibition because, in other respects, the collection is much as it was last winter and the many winters preceding. There is a room full of Primitives, a so-called Giorgione conspicuous for the benefit of the foot-rule critic whose least concern is beauty in a picture. There are portraits by, or after, Velasquez and Titian and Tintoretto and Vandyck. There are several very lovely Turners: one, a "Monte Aventino," in which the color seems still fairly fresh in contrast to another called "The Blue Lights," which, like the great majority of Turners, has so suffered by the effect of time upon bad pigments that its name becomes meaningless. And, as usual, there is an imposing array of Romneys, Gainsboroughs, and Sir Joshuas, a few especially famous: Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" from the Duke of Westminster's gallery, the painter's bold protest against academicial color-schemes; Sir Joshua's "Tragic Muse" from the same collection, and a number of his portraits of children, charming in themselves, but responsible for a vast progeny of sentimental and silly babies; while preëminent in the chief centre of honor is Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, who, by his timely presence, seems to be holding out the olive branch. As agent of peace, the Academy was not to be outdone by the Society of Authors. N. N.

PAINTINGS AT CHANTILLY.

PARIS, January 16, 1896.

ON the occasion of the centenary of the foundation of the Institute, a visit to Chantilly was made by the members of the Institute, and each of them was presented, on his arrival at the Château, with a tiny volume, published at the charge of the Duke d'Aumale, bearing this title: 'Chantilly: Visite de l'Institut de France, 26 Octobre, 1895; Itinéraire.' The volume was to serve the recipient as a guide, and gave a succinct account of all the works of art to be seen in each room in the galleries, the towers, the staircases, the chapel, the vestibules, the room which goes under the name of "Appartement de M. le Prince," the library, etc. This pretty volume, published by Plon, is a real guide-book, which will be of great use to all who are allowed to visit Chantilly, as the arrangement of all the works of art, pictures, statues, and tapestries may now be considered as definitive. But this catalogue will be some day supplemented by detailed works on all the valuable works of art at Chantilly. The series has been begun by a very magnificent volume, 'La Peinture au Château de Chantilly,' written by M. Gruyer, member of the Academy of Fine Arts of the Institute, who long ago achieved a great notoriety in the artistic and literary world by his volumes on Raphael, which are standard works of artistic criticism. He lived for many years in Italy, was for some time one of the "conservateurs" of the Museum of the Louvre, and is an occasional contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Living at Chantilly, and honored with the friendship of the Duke d'Aumale, he was better qualified than anybody to give a description of the galleries of pictures formed by the Prince.

The volume just published is full of beautiful illustrations made by modern processes from fine photographs by Braun, and is devoted to the foreign schools, chiefly the Italian and Flemish. A second volume will be consecrated to the French school. The notices written by M. Gruyer concerning each painter have been placed by him in chronological order, and they may thus be said to belong to the history of art, of which they are successive fragments. We cannot here follow such a chronological order, and we can draw attention only to certain pictures which may be called the gems of the collection. "À tout seigneur, tout honneur," says a French proverb. Who would not, if he had only a few moments to spend at Chantilly, ask to see first the Raphaels? They are to be found in a small cabinet which goes under the name of the "Santuario." One is the "Virgin of the House of Orleans," a small panel, painted about 1506, which is absolutely intact and has never been touched by any painter's hand but Raphael's. It was placed by the Regent in the Gallery of the Palais-Royal. The other represents the "Three Graces"; it was painted by Raphael about 1505. In 1503 Raphael was occupied in Siena in helping Pinturicchio decorate the *libreria* of the cathedral with ten frescoes which represent the principal traits of the life of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who became Pope under the name of Pius II. In this *libreria* was at the time an old group of the Three Graces, which had been found in the excavations made for building the cathedral. Raphael was inspired by this group, and first made a drawing of two of the Graces (which is now in the collection of the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice). A year afterwards he made the admirable picture in which the Graces are seen in a landscape which recalls the shores of Lake Thrasymene and the neighborhood of Spoleto. This small masterpiece belongs to what may be called the Umbrian manner of the painter. This picture, after having made a part of the Borghese Gallery, went successively through the hands of Reboul, Fabre, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Woodburne, and Lord Dudley. It was sold to the Duke d'Aumale in 1885 for the price of 625,000 francs.

The "Virgin of the Regent" possesses a marvellous simplicity and freshness. It belongs without a doubt to the Florentine manner or period of the immortal master. It was nevertheless most probably painted at Urbino, where it remained till the end of the sixteenth century. It was taken then to Flanders, and a legend will have it that David Teniers substituted for an open-air background the interior background which is now seen. This legend has no justification. The small vases on a shelf which are seen in the background have Italian forms. We lose sight for a time of the picture; it reappears in the eighteenth century in the Crozat, Tassart, and Decamp collections, and then enters the gallery of the Regent. During the Revolution it emigrates to Brussels, and remains in the hands of M. Laborde de Méréville. In 1798 M. Hibbert buys it for 12,500 francs; it was owned afterwards by M. Vernon, M. Delamarre, M. Aguado, M. François Delessert. After the death of M. Delessert, the Duke d'Aumale bought it in 1869 for 150,000 francs. If it was for sale now, Mr. Gruyer thinks that it would fetch a million, and there is no exaggeration in this statement.

Between the two exquisite Raphaels stands a panel of a marriage-coffer, painted over by Filippino Lippi. It represents the story of Esther and Ahasuerus. Filippo Lippi, commonly called Filippino to distinguish him from his father, was born in 1457 at Prato. He became the pupil of Sandro Botticelli, and it is impossible not to see a deep relation between their works. In 1484 Lippi was chosen for continuing, in the famous chapel of Brancaccio, the work of Masolino da Panicale and of Masaccio, which had been interrupted for nearly half a century. M. Gruyer says that "if Raphael admired Masaccio enough to borrow from him the figures of Adam and Eve for the Loggie, he marked also his esteem for Filippino by being inspired by the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul in the cartoon of the tapestry of Saint Paul at Ephesus. We could almost say that among the latest of the Florentine *quattrocentisti* there is perhaps none who can be considered the immediate precursor of Raphael so much as Filippino Lippi." He had two manners; the picture of "Esther and Ahasuerus" belongs to the first, which was un-

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doubtedly the best, as the second manner was spoiled by ostentation of knowledge of classical antiquity. The younger works of the master were unaffected, and had a natural grace and poetry which is unparalleled. On a simple *cassone*, decorated for some noble daughter of Florence, Filippino Lippi has made a composition which is an admirable illustration of the story of Esther. In the background is seen the great repast given by Ahasuerus for his court; the residence of Shushan is represented by one of those charming Florentine palaces which were built by the Brunelleschis, the Michalozzis, the Albertis, with their porticos and their high columns. In the central portico sits the old Ahasuerus; he half rises to greet Esther, who is bowing to him. He is surrounded by the wise men of his council. Six virgins, guided by the guardians of the women, accompany Esther; three are behind her, on the left of the picture, three are before her, and have already passed before the King. The grace and angelic beauty cannot be sufficiently praised.

Fifty years ago the coffer, on one of the sides of which is this graceful composition, was still complete in the Palazzo Torrigiani, at the time when Luigi Torrigiani was beginning his collection. The panels had, however, been all detached, and were hanging like pictures in the gallery, and were afterwards dispersed. In 1877 the panel of "Esther and Ahasuerus" was sold by Prince Torrigiani to a French engineer, M. Leclanché, who made a fair fortune by the aid of an electric pile which bears his name. In 1892 Leclanché died, and the Duke d'Aumale bought the panel, which was a part of the very remarkable collection that had been formed by the French electrician. I remember visiting the collection at the time it was sold, and I was struck by the extraordinary taste which Leclanché, a scientific man, had shown in the choice of the objects which he had collected and bought with his savings; there was hardly an indifferent object in his collection.

The worshippers of the oldest Italian schools will find much to admire at Chantilly. I will notice only the portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, one of the most seductive women of her time, by Pallajuolo, who was one of the best sculptors of his time as well as a painter and engraver. This is the true Simonetta (we see her name in small capitals painted on the lower margin "Simonetta Januensis Vespuccia"), and the Simonetta of the Palazzo Pitti has usurped the name. Perugino is represented by a fine Virgin, called the "Glorious Virgin," sitting with the infant Jesus on a throne, with Saint Jerome on one side and Saint Peter on the other. The picture was made in the youth of Perugino, when he still kept the habit of modelling with lines, like an engraver. This picture left the Church of Saint Jerome to enter the collection of the Duke of Lucques, and afterwards the Northwick collection.

Botticelli shows us a life-sized figure of "Autumn"; a young woman with two young children. This "Autumn" has all the qualities as well as the defects of the great Florentine master. Bernardino Luini has an "Infant Jesus, Saviour of the World" which has all the grace of a Leonardo, so much so that, for a time, it was attributed to Da Vinci, and catalogued as such in 1823 in the gallery of Fonthill Abbey. It was bought by M. Frédéric Reisel and afterwards by the Duke d'Aumale. I know no finer picture by Primaticcio than the portrait of Odet de Coligny, cardinal of Châtillon. It is well in place in the old house of the Montmorencys. It was painted in 1548, when Coligny's brother was thirty-one years old; but is the portrait really by Primaticcio? M. Gruyer has doubts and would rather attribute it to the Florentine masters, to Bronzino or Pontormo. Another fine portrait is the portrait of an unknown gentleman by Scipione Pulzone, commonly called Scipione Gaetano.

In the Flemish school, we must notice the magnificent portrait of the great Bastard of Burgundy by Roger van der Weyden, a disciple of Van Eyck, and one of the glories of the school of Bruges. This portrait of the natural son of Philippe Le Bon was painted about 1460. It belonged to Gaignières, the celebrated collector, and was afterwards in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery till it was bought by the Duke d'Aumale. I can only mention rapidly some important pictures of the foreign schools: the "Virgin and the Infant Jesus appearing before Jeanne of France," by Memling; a portrait of the Cardinal of Bourbon by an unknown Dutch master; a portrait of Elisabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, by Mierevelt; a life size portrait of Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans, by Van Dyck. The same master is represented by two beautiful portraits of Count Henri de Berghe and of Marie de Barbançon, Duchess of Aremberg. A charming portrait of the great Condé, made by David Teniers during the long sojourn of the Prince in Flanders, was added not long ago to the collection. We see in it Condé as a young man; the portraits of Condé in later years are very numerous at Chantilly. I cannot mention a number of other portraits which are all interesting in an artistic and in an historical sense.

There are few landscapes of the Flemish school, but two of them are masterpieces—the shore of Scheveningen, by Ruysdael; a calm sea, by Van der Velde, and a tempest by Everdingen. The English school has but few representatives—a portrait of Philippe Égalité in the uniform of colonel of hussars, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the "Two Waldegraves," by the same; and Francis I., Emperor of Austria, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Correspondence.

"LIGHT": A DISCRIMINATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Attention should be called to Prof. Münsterberg's account in *Science* of the new kind of invisible light. It is in many respects the most comprehensible that has yet appeared. The agent is so new and so wonderful that it is difficult to find correct terms in which to speak of it. Should it be called light or not light? This is an instance of a state of things which is of not uncommon occurrence in those portions of science which do not reach the popular ear—of the necessity, namely, for revising what the logicians call the "formation of the concept." Our naïve ancestors, in making language, did not distinguish between light as an external something brought to us by the sun and candles and fireflies, and light as an internal sensation. The distinction was not very essential so long as the two things always coincided; and the cases of the sensation being produced by a push of the eye-ball, or by a fall on the ice (when one "sees stars"), were not of sufficient practical interest to be taken account of, at a time when mankind was too busy in living to waste time in useless speculations. But there came a time when it was necessary to *préciser* the meaning of the word more fully; it was found that there was something which was invisible as *subjective* light, but which was exactly like *objective* light, except that it passed beyond a given limit in the swiftness of its motion. Objectively, green light is a more rapid wave-motion in the ether than red, and blue than green, and violet than blue; here was something that differed from a color only as one color differeth from another; should it be called light or not? By a weak evasion of the difficulty, this thing has been called nothing but "the ultra-violet rays." Rays of what—rays of light, or "rays" of wave-motion in ether? *Rays*, by itself, means nothing except that which moves in straight lines.

The new rays that have been discovered by Prof. Röntgen are not cathode rays, as they have been said by the newspapers to be, but they are what the cathode rays are turned into as they pass through glass; their discoverer has had the happy idea to call them X-rays until more is known about them. The most probable hypothesis in regard to their nature is, according to Prof. Münsterberg, that they are longitudinal vibrations in the same medium (the ether) whose transverse vibrations give us light rays and infra-red rays and ultra-violet rays. The existence of such rays has for a long time been suspected by physicists; researches are in progress which, it is hoped, will prove that they have now been found.

I do not, of course, propose to discuss the question what this new thing shall be called; Röntgen vibrations might perhaps not be a bad name for it. But I do submit that it is now time to give a little consideration to the sense in which the word *light* ought to be used, and not to let the question be settled in the hit-or-miss fashion that too often prevails among scientists. To use the one word light for (1) ether vibrations that affect the eye, (2) ether vibrations that do not affect the eye, (3) the affections of consciousness that are due to ether vibrations, and (4) also those that are due to a pull on the optic nerve, and to an electric current passing through it, is to permit a degree of hopeless confusion which those who love exact thinking ought to blush for. The Germans have already adopted the compound word *light sensation* for the affections of consciousness, and nothing better could be desired. The "spirit of the English language" is a very backward spirit, and it is very averse to the formation of compound words; but this is an aversion which must be overcome if speech is to keep pace with knowledge. Who knows but that the English might have been as great metaphysicians as the Germans if they had given themselves the same liberty in the formation of long words?

The best use to make of the word *light* is to reserve it for those ether vibrations which cause the sensation of light; any other use of it which should avoid its present vagueness would interfere with the wealth of poetical associations which attach to the word. We should then say, when we receive a blow on the head, not "I see a light," but "I feel a sensation of light," or, better, "I feel a light-sensation." And, on the other hand, the physicist would cease to say that ether waves are not light while they are on their way to us from the sun.

The term "ultra-violet rays" should be given up, and the term *ultra-violet ether vibrations* should be exclusively used in its stead. The term *rays* is, moreover, being discarded by the new scientist on other grounds, and the thing meant by it is being discussed in terms of wave and wave-front; it is therefore useless to attempt to preserve it for the ultra-violet rays. There is no help for it but to use

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the term *ether vibrations* (as the general name for heat, light, ultra-violet rays, and Röntgen rays) in common parlance as freely as it is already used in scientific language. The newspaper men would certainly find no difficulty in adopting this newly arisen requirement for accuracy, and then the whole thing would be settled for us, as far as popular language goes.

The reform that I propose is therefore, in brief, this:

(1.) For the psychologist, the use of the term *light-sensation*, instead of light, when the sensation is referred to.

(2.) For the physicist, the use of the term *ultra-violet vibrations*, instead of ultra-violet rays.

(3.) For the common man, the use of the term *ether vibrations*, instead of light, for light plus invisible light, when it is meant to speak indefinitely of the various phenomena which fall under this head. CHR. LADD FRANKLIN.

BALTIMORE, February 2, 1896.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THOMAS PAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subjoined letter was purchased many years ago, at an auction sale in London, by Mr. Joseph Cowen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, formerly member of Parliament, to whom I am indebted for its use. There is no indication in the original of the person to whom it was written, but it was certainly to Colonel John Fellows, the bookseller in New York who had there copyrighted Part I. of 'The Age of Reason.' It will be remembered that Paine, on his way to prison in Paris, managed to see Joel Barlow, and intrusted to that ex-parson his MS., which was forwarded to his (Barlow's) own publisher in New York.

PARIS, January 20, 1797.

SIR, Your friend Mr. Caritat being on the point of his departure for America I make it the opportunity of writing to you. I received two letters from you with some pamphlets a considerable time ago in which you inform me of your entering a copy right of the first Part of the Age of Reason; when I return to America we will settle for that matter.

As Doctor Franklin has been my intimate friend for thirty years past you will naturally see the reason of my continuing the connection with his grandson. I printed here (Paris) about fifteen thousand of the second Part of the Age of Reason, which I sent to Mr. F[ranklin] Bache. I gave him notice of it in September, 1795, and the copy right by my own direction was entered by him. The books did not arrive till April following, but he had advertised it long before.

I sent to him in August last a manuscript letter of about seventy pages, from me to Mr. Washington to be printed in a pamphlet. Mr. Barnes of Philadelphia carried the letter from me over to London to be forwarded to America. It went by the ship *Hope*, Capt. Harley, who since his return from America told me that he put it in the post office at New York for Bache. I have yet no certain account of its publication. I mention this that the letter may be enquired after, in case it has not been published or has not arrived to Mr. Bache. Barnes wrote to me from London 29 August informing me that he was offered three hundred pounds sterling for the manuscript. The offer was refused because it was my intention it should not appear till it appeared in America, as that, and not England, was the place for its operation.

You ask me by your letter to Mr. Caritat for a list of my several works, in order to publish a collection of them. This is an undertaking I have always reserved for myself. It not only belongs to me of right, but nobody but myself can do it; and as every author is accountable (at least in reputation) for his works, he only is the person to do it. If he neglects it in his life time the case is altered. It is my intention to return to America in the course of the present year; I shall then [do] it by subscription, with historical notes. As this work will employ many persons in different parts of the Union, I will confer with you upon the subject, and such part of it as will suit you to undertake will be at your choice. I have sustained so much loss by disinterestedness and inattention to money matters, and by accidents, that I am obliged to look closer to my affairs than I have done. The printer (an Englishman) whom I employed here to print the second part of the Age of Reason, made a copy of the work while he was printing it, which he sent to London and sold. It was by this means that an edition of it came out in London.

We are waiting here for news from America of the state of the federal elections. You will have heard long before this reaches you that the French government has refused to receive Mr. Pinckney as minister. While Mr. Monroe was minister he had the opportunity of softening matters with this government, for he was in good credit with them, though they were in high indignation at the infidelity of the Washington Administration. It is time that Mr. Washington retire, for he has played off so much prudent hypocrisy between France and England that neither government believes anything he says. Your friend, etc.

THOMAS PAINE.

I cannot forbear a few further words on this remarkable letter—not about the animadversion on Washington, for in my third volume of Paine's Writings there are documents enough to make that case clear—but concerning the strange outcome of Paine's purpose of publishing all his works. When he returned to America, near the close of 1802, the Federalists, furious at the election of Jefferson, and the parsons, furious over the 'Age of Reason,' united on Paine for a scapegoat. Amid the storm that broke over him he could not publish his old works, and still less the two he had in manuscript. These were Part III. of the 'Age of Reason' and 'An Answer to the Bishop of Llandaff.' These he bequeathed to Madame Bonneville, who in Paris, with her husband, had nursed him in illness, and shared with him their home for nearly eight years. She was then an enthusiastic disciple of Paine's ideas, but no sooner was Paine dead than she began to revert to her original type—Catholicism. Strange irony of fate! The two large works to which Paine had devoted the best part of nine years fell into the hands of a Roman Catholic devotee, who did penance for her previous heresies by mutilating and erasing Paine's ideas, so that his two important volumes were well-nigh ruined. Madame's pious destructiveness was, however, in some degree limited by her need of money. It is due to the enterprise and means of John Fellows, to whom the above letter was written, that a number of important fragments were rescued, and in a good many cases he was able to recover striking passages despite the erasures of the zealous French woman.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

LONDON, January 20, 1896.

PROTECTION—BY ANNEXATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Cullom's speech at Springfield yesterday throws a new light upon the Venezuelan question. Speaking of the British possessions of Canada, British Guiana, British Honduras, etc., and of the American possessions of Spain, Denmark, France, and Holland, he says:

"But all these possessions lie within a radius of a few hundred miles from southern Florida and are naturally, by position and commercial relationship, of greater importance to the United States than to any other nation."

In the next paragraph he recommends the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Further on he says, referring to Cuba:

"Why, fellow-citizens, when the day comes that the possession of Cuba by any other Power bears adversely upon the interests and welfare of the United States, we shall cut the Gordian knot and take such action as will make Cuba an annex to this country. It naturally, politically, and commercially belongs to the United States."

And again, near the close of his speech, he says, after recommending many more annexations:

"We have never made a bad bargain in any of our acquisitions of territory. We acquired Florida, and what a gem she is and how great she bids fair to become. We bought Louisiana and the Northwest territory, the greatest and brightest jewel in our possession. State after State have been carved out of her territory. Then California, portions of the very garden of Eden, Texas, an empire of itself, New Mexico, Oregon, and Alaska have come to us. What would we have been without these principalities and empires which we now possess? It is to be the duty of the great Republican party to look into the future and shape our policy with wisdom and care, and to build up to its proper height and breadth the splendid nation committed to our care."

This speech is quite touching in its innocent and simple dishonesty. Now we understand the noble and self-sacrificing anxiety of Jingoes to protect "our brother republics"; their canting platitudes about the oppression of a weak by a stronger Power; their indignation against the covetousness and "grabbing" of England. Their real meaning seems to be: "Hands off Venezuela! Some day we hope to annex it ourselves. We are not quite ready yet, because we are first going to appropriate a number of other places, including Canada and your possessions in the West Indies. In the meantime, in the language of Bret Harte's Bill Nye,

"'This poor Injun we protects from such sharps as you be.'"

When Uncle Sam is well out of this Venezuelan business, we trust he may not be found with "a dollar greenback in his hand" worth twenty cents in coin.—Yours truly, X. Z.

CHICAGO, January 29, 1896.

"THE SQUIRREL GIRL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend in New York sends me a cutting from a local paper stating that a girl who has captivated the squirrel population of Central Park has had to ask for a home in the workhouse of Yorkville, having no home and apparently no subsistence. That such a phenomenon should excite rather amusement than interest in the busy population of New York is not surprising, but it is one which, to all lovers of nature and psychology, ought to be very interesting. If I were Mayor of New York I would give her a salaried position as Keeper of the Squirrels, with lodgings in the midst of her pets, and I think that, merely for the poetry of the thing, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should take note of it. As a lover of that most beautiful and intelligent of our lesser quadrupeds, and in default of the proper official action, I should like to open a subscription for the benefit of Mary Lyons to enable her to devote herself to the squirrels; and I beg you to put my name down for $5 a year as long as I live. I would capitalize it if I had the means.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

ROME, January 21, 1896.

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Notes.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have in press 'Joan of Arc,' by Francis C. Lowell; 'Visions and Service,' college chapel discourses by Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts; 'The Spirit in Literature and Life,' college lectures by the Rev. Dr. Coyle; 'The Parson's Proxy,' by Mrs. Kate W. Hamilton; and 'Bayard Taylor,' by A. H. Smyth, in the American Men of Letters series.

Macmillan & Co. have in press a 'History of the Postal Packet Service during the French War, from 1793 to 1815,' by Arthur H. Norman, and Mr. William Astor Chanler's account of his exploring expedition to northeastern Africa with Lieut. von Höhnel, illustrated by photographs.

'Biblical Character Sketches,' by Dean Farrar and other preachers, and 'Curiosities of Olden Times,' by S. Baring-Gould, will be published directly by Thomas Whittaker.

'The Song of Songs which is Solomon's, being a Reprint and a Study,' by Elbert Hubbard, will issue in a limited edition from the Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, announce 'The Non-Heredity of Inebriety,' by Leslie E. Keeley, M.D.

Mme. Arsène Darmesteter, it is announced, is pushing to completion the edition of the entire works of her lamented husband. The last of these was an essay towards the reconstruction of the Champenoise dialect of the eleventh century. Darmesteter had gathered for this purpose nearly four thousand *fiches*, most of which will be published. Mme. Darmesteter, who is an excellent painter, has just finished a portrait of her husband which is to go to the Sorbonne as a memorial of the life of one of its most esteemed professors.

The Hungarian Academy of Science has decided to publish a dictionary of the national language as it is now used in Hungary. It is estimated that twenty years will be devoted to the preliminary work alone.

A splendid facsimile of William Bradford's Journal, made from the original in the Bishop of London's library at Fulham Palace, has just been published. Its cost precludes the hope of a consummation one might wish, that it should find a place in every public library in this country.

'The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox,' edited with notes by the well-known folk-lorist, Joseph Jacobs, is the latest addition to Macmillan's dainty Cranford Series. The text is based upon Caxton's, adapted for the use of children by the late Sir Henry Cole, "Felix Summerly," and modified but slightly by the present editor. An introduction, addressed to adult readers, briefly summarizes the latest results of philological research concerning the origin and history of this old "Weltbibel," whose rascally hero, in spite of his meanness and duplicity, yet commands our respect because, to adopt Froude's explanation, "he can do what he sets to work to do." Numerous illustrations by Frank Calderon, in the manner of F. S. Church, add to the charm of this pretty volume.

Charles Scribner's Sons have reissued George Augustus Sala's 'Life and Adventures,' written by himself. There is nothing on the title-page to show that this is a second edition, but the volumes are somewhat smaller, and clothed in brown instead of red. The price is also reduced, but the value is unchanged by the fact that Mr. Sala has joined the majority since the previous issue.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns thinks his 'Sketches from Concord and Appledore' (Putnams) will not have been written in vain if, among other achievements, they "succeed in restoring to Wendell Phillips a portion of the fame he lost by the wayward course of his declining years." Save us from our friends! On p. 205 Mr. Stearns says of Mr. Phillips that "he never appeared as an advocate of woman suffrage before the public, but he is said to have approved of it"! Had Mr. Stearns turned to the first series of Mr. Phillips's collected speeches he would have found one delivered in October, 1851, placed as nearly in the forefront of the volume as the Lovejoy speech would permit, based on a resolution of his own writing, in these words: "That while we do not undervalue other methods, the right of suffrage for women is, in our opinion, the corner stone of this [woman's-rights] enterprise." On the same page Mr. Stearns states that Mr. Phillips would not vote because of his scruples against upholding a government maintaining an army and navy. But notoriously Mr. Phillips never adopted Mr. Garrison's non-resistance views, and in the second series of his speeches occurs that Phi Beta Kappa oration which Mr. Stearns describes without, apparently, having read it, and in which dynamite and the dagger are pronounced necessary and *proper* substitutes for peaceful agitation in an absolute monarchy like Russia.

Some picturesque legal antiquities are lightly sketched by Mr. Francis Watt in a rather dainty little volume entitled 'The Law's Lumber Room' (London: John Lane; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). To use his own metaphor, the author brushes the dust from a number of antiquated customs and legal fictions, and shows, not without a pleasant humor, how they arose, what uses they served, and how they came to be discarded. Such topics as Benefit of Clergy, Deodands, Sanctuary, Trial by Ordeal, Wager of Battle, etc., are treated with sufficient detail for all ordinary requirements, and at the same time in a way to make their true significance appreciated.

Of 'Congressional Currency,' by Armistead C. Gordon, which appears in the Putnams' "Questions of the Day" Series, we need say little more than is said in the preface. "An outline of the genesis, growth, and condition of the existing currency system of the United States, a short account of each of the various kinds of 'money' or circulating medium now in use, and a consecutive statement of the most conspicuous or important acts of legislation in connection therewith, concluding with a sketch of the judicial interpretation which such legislation has received at the hands of the Supreme Court," is certainly a timely publication. It is also a well-written one, and the author deserves credit for setting forth clearly a confusion which is steadily growing worse confounded.

The general interest manifested in the improvement of our highways will be increased and intelligently guided by Gen. Alfred P. Rockwell's treatise on 'Roads and Pavements in France' (John Wiley & Sons). It gives in a condensed form, but clearly, all the necessary information as to the best materials for roads, their cost, maintenance, and repair, together with numerous diagrams, thus making a valuable vade-mecum for persons having the care of highways and streets. It is interesting to note that wood-pavement is now the favorite in Paris, because "it is smooth, noiseless, agreeable to drive over, easily kept clean, and is rapidly relaid when worn out."

Dr. Daniel Denison Slade of Harvard University adds to his many accomplishments a knowledge of horticulture. His interest in this has led him to review the early history of the art in New England, and to embody the results of his wide reading in a dainty, old-fashioned book of about two hundred pages ('Evolution of Horticulture in New England,' Knickerbocker Press, 1895). The paper, binding, and general impression carry the volume back about as many years as it has pages, and this effect is not lessened when one finds that the work is copyrighted at Stationers' Hall, London. The citations from the early records are well chosen and accurate, and render the book convenient for reference. The allusions to very recent horticultural successes in New England are meagre and unsatisfactory and the omissions many, but the latter may be overlooked, since the author speaks in a kindly manner of those whom he does mention. He deals with the past rather than with the present, with evolution and not with the evolved. We thank him for giving us a pleasant excursion into the days when the streets of Boston were leisurely assuming their unaccountable and unexpected directions under the feet of kine excluded from the fair flower-beds on Beacon Hill, and forced to wander to the Neck, or to the salt marshes on the Charles where now is to be seen that masterpiece of municipal horticulture and treasury of sculpture known as the Public Garden.

It is difficult to understand why Dr. M. C. Cooke's 'Introduction to the Study of Fungi' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan) was ever written. The author says that "the pages are the result of an effort to supply an acknowledged want," but this statement is ambiguous. It may mean that the author feels the want, or that certain other people do. It sometimes happens that an author feels the necessity of preparing a book for people already well supplied with the same class of treatises, while the people themselves do not feel the same want at all. The present work is not sufficiently comprehensive and fresh to meet the demands of specialists, while it is, on the other hand, not particularly attractive to beginners or general readers. The defect lies in the plan and not in the treatment. Mr. Cooke has done too much excellent systematic work in mycology, and has been an editor too long, not to express himself clearly and positively in print. If he had divided the volume into two parts, relegating all the popular descriptions to an elementary work, leaving the rest to be brought rather nearer the present time and illustrated with drawings of a better character, the issue would probably have been more satisfactory to two classes of readers who may have some want as yet unsupplied. The whole work, as it stands, would be easier for reading and for reference if the chapters had been broken up more freely, and the discrete paragraphs provided with headings to catch the eye.

The 'Book of the Secrets of Enoch' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan), edited by W. R. Morfill and R. H. Charles, is an interesting addition to pre-Christian pseudepigraphic literature. Though abundantly cited by early Christian writers, it exists at present, so far as is known, only in Slavic versions. It appears to have been written by an orthodox but free-minded Jew, who not only sets down current Jewish opinions about religion, but adopts ideas from the Persian, Egyptian, and Greek thought of his time (between B. C. 50

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and A. D. 50). He imitates the form of the Book of Enoch, but has noteworthy opinions of his own on the soul, the origin of death, the millennium, angels, Seraphim (*Chalkidri*), cosmography, and ethics. Mr. Morfill has given an English translation based on a text carefully constructed from the various Slavic versions, and Mr. Charles (the well-known translator of Enoch) has added critical and historical notes and a general introduction. The names of these two gentlemen are a guarantee of the good performance of the editorial work.

The quarterly statement for January of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the report of Dr. F. J. Bliss on the excavations at Jerusalem, and a paper on the site of the Temple, both of which are illustrated by diagrams. An account of a journey east of the Jordan in the spring of 1895 by Mr. Gray Hill is interesting mainly from its picture of the disturbed condition of the country, which made it impossible for him to visit Petra, as he had intended. Every tribe seemed to be at war with its neighbors, and the Turks were apparently passive, if not powerless, spectators. In the wilderness to the southwest of the Dead Sea he passed through some hills of dazzingly white chalk by an "extraordinary winding passage of several miles in length, and in most parts of only the width of a very narrow lane. It is sometimes only 6 to 10 feet across, and the sides stand up on either hand as precipitous as the walls of a castle, varying from 50 to 150 feet in height." There is also an account by Col. Conder of inscriptions in the Syrian language discovered a few years ago by German explorers in the extreme north of Syria, and now published. Transliterations of two, dated about 800 B.C. and 730 B.C., and throwing some light on the Book of Kings, are given.

The last quarterly instalment of vol. iv. of the *Boletin de la Sociedad Geográfica de Lima* (Peru) is of more than usual interest. In addition to the contributions of members, which have for the most part been of a high order, the Society has now undertaken to make its official publication the medium for presenting to the world certain works of value which otherwise would remain entirely unknown, or hidden from all save a few select scholars. The current issue contains the first of a series of notes of travel by the savant Antonio Raimondi. The great work on Peru by this distinguished scientist having been cut short by want of funds, the Society has deemed it expedient to cull out from his literary remains the more important material intended for the future volumes of his *opus magnum*, and publish them at once. This enterprise is particularly commendable, not only as giving to the world desirable information, but as revealing the importance of the labors of Raimondi. In the same issue appears a translation into Spanish of the introduction to Dr. E. W. Middendorf's masterly work entitled 'Das Runa Simi, oder die Keshua-Sprache,' a treatise which had the merit of being written after the studies of a lifetime in Peru, during which its author enjoyed the advantage of friendly and familiar intercourse with the people of all classes in every part of the republic. Other notable articles in this number of the *Boletin* are "Plants and Other Products of China Introduced into Peru," by Manuel García y Merino, and a "Contribution to the Study of the Flora of the Cordillera of Peru, with Observations on the History and Origin of the Flora of the Andes," by John Ball.

Personal reminiscences of General Grant during the war, by Gen. Horace Porter, are to appear in the *Century Magazine* and will be profusely illustrated.

This month sees the starting of a new illustrated magazine in this city, the *Parisian*, published by M. L. Dexter at Carnegie Hall. It will be devoted chiefly to the reproduction in English of contemporaneous articles from the leading French and other Continental periodicals, with a regular review of current European literature. The issue will be quarterly till August, when it will be monthly. The February number has a wholesome and serious aspect, and possesses an agreeable variety.

A new series of the *National Geographic Magazine* begins with the January number. It is henceforth to be an illustrated monthly, with a special concern for the geography, physical, political, and commercial, of this continent. The principal article is a comprehensive account of European Russia by Mr. G. G. Hubbard, interwoven with some personal experiences of an extensive journey in that country. This is followed by an interesting sketch of the Arctic cruise last summer of the United States revenue cutter *Bear*. Her principal employment, besides the prevention of smuggling by the whaling fleet, seems to be carrying supplies to the different stations in Northern Alaska, succoring the shipwrecked, and transporting domestic reindeer from Siberia to Alaska. The remaining contents consist of Gen. Greely's address on Arctic exploration before the London Geographical Congress, notes and notices of new books and maps, executive reports, and the proceedings of the National Geographic Society of Washington.

The evidence that the spirit of enterprise has received a new impulse from the recent war is indicated not only in the commerce of Japan but in her journalism. During the war two periodicals, edited in English, were started by Japanese. The first is the daily *Yorodzu Choho*, which has a few columns of English matter three times a week. The editor, Mr. Muramatsu, does not, however, possess a sufficiently thorough acquaintance with the English language to make his articles readable to English-speaking people. The second is the *Taiyo* (*Sun*), a monthly magazine edited by Prof. N. Kanda. It is of a much higher grade than the *Yorodzu Choho*, and, while the style is not free from occasional errors, it has a character of strength and maturity that few writers can hope to attain to whom English is not the mother tongue. A new venture is the *Far East*, an English edition of the *Kokumin-no-Tomo*. The latter periodical was started in 1887 as a monthly, was soon after made a fortnightly, then a tri-monthly, and recently a weekly. Its general plan is confessedly on the lines of the *Nation*. The English edition is to be a monthly publication for the present. Its editor is Mr. E. Fukai, a graduate of the Doshisha. Though Japanese will write the bulk of the matter for the *Far East*, many Americans and English have promised to contribute, especially those living in Tokyo, where the periodical is to be published.

The Siberian University at Tomsk, which was opened in 1886, is to be enlarged by the establishment of faculties of law, of mathematics and natural science, and of history and philology. At present the only faculty is that of medicine.

The Trustees of the British Museum have begun the publication of autographs in the department of manuscripts. They are reproduced by photo-lithography, in the full size of the originals, in plates measuring about 10½x 17 inches, and can be had for threepence per plate. The first series, comprising thirty plates, has just been issued in a book, price six shillings. The first is a letter written September 16, 1513, by Katharine of Arragon to her husband, Henry VIII. (then in France), with the news of the battle of Flodden. Other royal personages represented are Edward VI., Mary Queen of Scots, Queens Elizabeth and Victoria, Charles I. and II., William III., and George III. From the Duke of Marlborough there is a French letter to George Louis, Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England, giving an account of the victory at Ramillies. George Washington, in a letter to the Earl of Buchan, April 22, 1793, writes: "I believe it is the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace with all the inhabitants of the earth." There are nine literary autographs, from Dryden, Addison, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Browning. Thackeray's is a most beautiful specimen of penmanship. Browning says: "I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer a substitute for a cigar, or a game at dominoes, to an idle man."

Mme. Calmann Lévy's purchasing of Renan's books and presenting them to the French National Library is probably a delicate way of easing her conscience on account of the hard bargain which her late husband must have driven with the simple-minded (in money matters) Ernest Renan. For that the shrewd publisher must have got the best of the arrangement by which Renan handed over to the Lévys all his writings, past, present, and future, there can be little doubt; otherwise the French Government would not have felt called upon to grant the late Mme. Renan a pension, and M. Airy Renan would be able to devote all his time to his brush and not have to give up a good part of it to art criticism, which brings in readier cash. Considering the plain way the Renans lived, the intellectual activity of the head of the family, the wide sale of his books, and the regular stipends—small though some of them were, when viewed from the American standpoint—which he received from the University, the Academy, etc., Ernest Renan should have left behind him a snug little fortune for a Frenchman and a scholar, whereas he may be said to have bequeathed to his son and daughter next to nothing, if we except his library, worth probably three or four thousand dollars, and his great reputation, which has opened to them many doors that would otherwise have been shut against them.

The unfavorable action last November of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, on a petition from the London School of Medicine for Women, praying for the admission of medical women to its examinations, has just been reversed at a meeting of the fellows, by emphatic endorsement (47 to 10) of the following resolution, "that, in the opinion of the fellows of this college, women should be admitted to the diplomas of the college." As the Council, the governing body of the college, is elected by votes of fellows only, their declaration in favor of granting diplomas to properly qualified women practically settles yet another case of educational discrimination against women students. It remains to be seen whether the Royal College of Physicians will also soon be stricken with a change of heart.

Since Dr. Wheeler wrote to us regarding the proposed excavations at Corinth by the Ameri-

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can School, we learn that formal permission to conduct them has been granted by the Greek Government, and work will be begun next month.

As is well known to all the archæologically minded, the architrave of the east front of the Parthenon used to bear an inscription in bronze letters fastened on by nails, of which now only the nails or stubs remain. At the suggestion of Dr. Dörpfeld, an attempt is being made by two students of archæology at Athens, one from the German Institute, the other from the American School, to decipher this inscription. One is using photography to obtain an exact representation of the nail holes, the other is making squeezes, being hauled up for the purpose some forty feet from the ground. The inscription may date from the time of Alexander the Great, and the archæological world will await with much interest the results of this attempt to decipher it.

—Even the most cursory of magazine readers will be disposed to linger over some illustrations, in the current *Scribner's*, of Miss S. T. Prideaux's bindings for books, and will be amply repaid for doing so, whether the fascinating designs that have been so admirably reproduced in black and white come as a fresh disclosure of Miss Prideaux's graceful art, or merely serve to recall examples that have been seen in frequent London exhibitions. The text that accompanies the dozen pictures of ornamented morocco bindings, though worth perusal, shows that Miss Prideaux is by no means so much at home in expounding as in applying the principles of artistic decoration. In the selection of the remaining articles for the month, account seems to have been taken rather more than ordinarily of the prevalent restless fancy for going to and fro in the earth—if not bodily, at least by means of copious views and descriptions of miscellaneous localities. A faithful but not graphic account of the fourteenth ascent of Mt. Ararat, by an Englishman, H. F. B. Lynch, and an article on life in the Colorado health plateau, by Lewis M. Iddings, respond to the demand made for them by the taste of the moment. Frank Russell's "Hunting Musk-Ox with the Dog Ribs," a compact and swiftly developed history of an expedition into the remote Barren Ground lying to the northeast of Great Slave Lake, has qualities which are likely to appeal to a perennial fondness for narratives of adventure well seasoned with danger. A successful appeal to the same permanent instinct is made by the story of "A Long Chase," of which the *donnée* is an escape from a pack of wolves, on a fifteen-mile ride across a frozen forest in Manitoba—believed by the writer, Owen Hall, to be in the "northwest" of Canada. The facts that the hero's mount is a bicycle, and that his deadly shots at his pursuers are supposed to be made as it spins over the snow, give novelty to the story, and secure a respectable place in current fiction for "the wheel."

—In *Harper's* the hunting of the musk-ox is the partial theme of the third instalment of Caspar W. Whitney's "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds." Although this is one of the most readable papers in a number which has no special features of distinction, it suffers by comparison with the corresponding paper in *Scribner's*, through lack of directness and singleness of aim. "A Mother in Israel" is interesting as a posthumous story of Prof. Boyesen's, and as a study of the two conflicting racial elements of cupidity and intellectuality which the Jews transplant to this country from the Ghettos of Old World cities. Henry Loomis Nelson's "Passing of the Fur-Seal," though not a new, is a stirring story, whether told from the standpoint of humanity or of commercial interest. Mr. Nelson contends that for nearly eight years the Dominion of Canada, in the interest of a few pelagic sealers, "has been able to oppose successfully the interests of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia in the seal herds."

—In the *Century* the article on Puvis de Chavannes, by Kenyon Cox, is not only charming to the eye on account of its illustrations, and timely on account of Puvis de Chavannes's connection with the Boston Public Library, but, if thoughtfully read, is an aid to general culture as well. Mr. Cox has not contented himself with cataloguing and eulogizing the several series of great decorations painted by his subject, but has furnished, in comments on their quality, tests for the valuation of mural painting that may be applied to the work of Abbey or Sargent equally as well as to that of the famous decorator of the Sorbonne, the Panthéon, and the Hôtel de Ville. The fundamental principle of Mr. Cox's teaching, that "the highest aim of art is to make some useful thing beautiful," is one on which the changes cannot, here and now, be rung too often. Readers who find a peculiar satisfaction in penetrating the privacy of persons high in place will be gratified by views of the sleeping and other apartments of the Pope. Marion Crawford writes of the Vatican household in the pleasantly rounded periods that offend no ear and carry little thought, leaving the intrinsically interesting features of the article the two portraits of Leo XIII., in youth and old age, each of which presents a face that no student of physiognomy could pass without admiration. "Perdita's Candle," by Martha Young, is a decidedly pretty little dramatic sketch, turning upon the feast of Candlemas; and Henry M. Stanley's résumé of the development of equatorial Africa is a useful addition to the encyclopædic information of the general reader.

—In the *Atlantic*, Henry James has contented himself with being ambiguous merely in the title of his story, "Glasses," and has, happily for the reader, been unusually clear and open in his dealings with him. Not only has he vouchsafed to carry his three characters to a dénouement of the drama in which he shows them engaged, but he has made them known with an intimacy that enriches the reader's acquaintance with types of human nature. To be dealt with in this way by Mr. James is to receive as rare a pleasure as the novel-reader can expect; and when, in addition, Mr. James's style becomes almost as perspicuous as it is distinguished and subtle, an equally rare literary pleasure is added to that of the novel-reader. The result of these fortunate conditions in the story of "Glasses" is a piece of fiction that bears no relation to magazine standards, and that will not easily be forgotten by any one who comes under the spell of its masterliness. A second pleasure, of a quality which the average literary capacity of contributors does not permit a magazine to furnish each and every month, is to be found in Leon H. Vincent's clever essay, "The Bibliotaph." This "portrait not wholly imaginary" shows the second-hand bookshops and odd restaurants of Boston, Philadelphia, and even Chicago, as harboring an habitué whose combination of whimsicality and ripe taste is of just the right stripe for literary portraiture. It was a delicate and difficult task to interpret by description, anecdote, and quoted epigram a figure so eccentric and delightful as that of this scholarly and genial vagabond among books, but fortunately a competent pen has undertaken it. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's memories of her father, as consul at Liverpool, promise, in their first part, a continued attraction to readers of the *Atlantic*.

—Scheffel's 'Ekkehard' has been republished so frequently that one loses count of the editions somewhere in the middle of the second hundred. Two more have recently appeared in this country, one in the original, the other in English. From Henry Holt & Co. comes a compact, well printed volume in German, edited by Prof. Carruth of the University of Kansas. The first part of the introduction is reprinted from the Chicago *Dial*, and deals with the Historical Novel. Palgrave's denunciation of this form of fiction as "the most harmful of semi-poetic hybrids," and Howells's remarks in a similar vein, are seriously discussed. It is a pity that this should be necessary in the century which began with Scott and whose last decades are marked by the appearance of some of the great masterpieces of historical fiction, the Polish novels of Sienkiewicz. While the philosophers were denying motion, the artists have been walking to and fro. Scheffel, in his own charming preface to 'Ekkehard,' states his belief that "neither history nor poetry will lose anything by forming a close alliance." But it is not the nature of the elements, it is the genius of him who unites them, upon which success depends. What a Scheffel or a Sienkiewicz has joined together, neither documentary history nor dogmatic criticism can put asunder, for such men create living works of art, which continue to exist in defiance of their own defects. Plain men may still venture to enjoy in 'Ekkehard' the vivid and poetic presentation of a picturesque and interesting age, without danger either of blunting their æsthetic perceptions or of confusing their historical facts. An English translation of this novel, revised and furnished with a biographical sketch of the author by Nathan Haskell Dole, has been published by Crowell & Co. The work is in two handy volumes, displaying the beautiful typography of the University Press, and mounted in cheap but attractive form. Both these editions are welcome evidence of the book's unwaning popularity after more than forty years.

—The Goethe Gesellschaft of Weimar marks the end of the first decade of its history by issuing to its members a portfolio of sketches and portraits. They are from the ample treasures of the Goethe National Museum, and, of the twenty-four sheets, nine are by Goethe's own hand. A similar portfolio was published in 1888, consisting of an album of drawings, selected by himself, to exhibit, as he said, "my competence and my incompetence." It should be frankly admitted at the outset that Goethe's drawings possess little artistic value. Having thus rid the mind of cant, one can derive much pleasure from a study of this amateurish work. Emanating from one who stands in the foremost rank of the world's great men, the sketches have an interest for us of the human sort; they serve as marginal notes to the fascinating story of a many-sided life. With reference to the sketch of Schloss Kochberg, Frau von Stein's estate, there is a jotting in Goethe's diary, al-

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most pathetic: "Began to hope I had a little talent." Up to the time of his return from Italy, he secretly believed that painting was his true vocation. Besides two little-known portraits of Goethe, the portfolio contains several sheets from the Schmeller Album. This was the collection of 150 crayon portraits which Goethe brought together by the flattering device of requiring his friends and eminent visitors to sit to his Weimar protégé, Joseph Schmeller. Here are the fine heads of Von Knebel and Wilhelm von Humboldt, a striking portrait of Bettina von Arnim, and finally the delicately moulded features of the greatest poet of a singularly gifted race, Adam Mickiewicz. There is also a reproduction, from a preliminary sketch, of the Arcadian picture of the Goethe family, painted by Seekatz in 1762, and now in the possession of Herman Grimm, which will remind the Goethe student of the amusing but kindly description of the odd old Darmstadt painter in 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' Other portfolios are promised, to be, like this, under the editorial care of Dr. Carl Ruland, which will eventually give a fairly comprehensive idea of the rich collections of engravings, and other artistic memorabilia, around which the guests used to gather in the Juno room of the Goethe house three-quarters of a century ago.

—The fourth edition of Dr. George Bruce Halsted's translation of Bolyai's 'Absolute Science of Space' (The Neomon, 2407 Guadalupe Street, Austin, Texas), is enriched with many interesting particulars about the lives of the celebrated author of the Non-Euclidean Geometry, Bolyai János, and of his father, Bolyai Furkas. If we admit that there is any natural and important distinction between men's mental constitutions corresponding to the words genius and talent—if the man of genius is anything more than a man of high talent, *plus* a bold, adventurous spirit—then the father must be ranked high up on the list of men of talent; and not the smallest proof of this was his instant appreciation of that discovery of his son's which superseded his own principal life-work. The son, on the same system of parcelling, must be called a genius, though, being a man of one idea (for he survived his one revelation by thirty-seven years without any other remarkable achievement), he cannot be rated as an exalted genius. He inherited a valuable imaginative element from his mother. Lombroso sets him down as insane; but we find nothing in Dr. Halsted's present account to support that charge, unless it be the circumstance of his fighting thirteen duels the same day with as many cavalry officers, playing on the violin between every two successive duels, and getting cashiered for the performance. Dr. Halsted surmises a psychological connection between the muscular precision of the man, as fencer and violinist, and his mathematical precision. Even in this day of hardy psychological classifications, such a guess startles us. It is stated quite in the Lombroso-Nordau style of assurance. Would the muscular strength exhibited in the thirteen duels be connected with his mathematical strength? There is a winningly enthusiastic letter from Bolyai János to his father, telling him of the great step. He says: "I have discovered such magnificent things that I am myself astonished at them. It would be damage eternal if they were lost. When you see them, my father, you will yourself acknowledge it. At present I cannot say more than that from nothing I have created a wholly new world." Dr. Halsted announces a life of Bolyai from unused Magyar documents. Our countryman as little shrinks from the Magyar tongue as from the Russian, in the pursuit of his valuable researches.

—A true poet passed away when Paul Verlaine died on January 8. He found life so hard and so unkindly that those who might wish to say many things of him may feel a certain sense of restraint now, as if any words would only seem to stretch him out longer on the rack of the tough world that he has quitted. In France he is truly mourned. Nothing is more noticeable than the note of sincere grief that is heard in all that is said of him. The least sympathetic say: "He was an *enfant terrible*, but still always an *enfant*." Coppée, his earliest friend—for whom he called, as he was dying, "François! François!"—took up the same strain beside his grave: "He was a child, a child always, a child and a poet." He had no concealments. Shelley, even, shows us less of himself. Every emotion of his storm-swept soul was revealed in his verse, and in it, too, were reflected his brief hours of serenity and his higher moods of religious devotion. His influence was great. Every young poet in France looked to him as to a master and leader in his art. To him, more than to any other, the present and increasing freedom of French verse is due. He struck the hardest blow at classicism. He struck with all his might, too, at the artificiality and rhetoric which have been besetting sins of the French muse. Preaching in verse he flouted, and oratory, and even eloquence—that good thing which in poetry is the enemy of the best. "Take eloquence and wring its neck!" he said. Of his own achievement in poetry it is perhaps too early to speak. We cannot yet tell how great the next age will count him, but that he will not wholly die appears to be certain. His friends parted from him in the cemetery of Batignolles, and left him in possession of the blessing that he needed most, *requiem æternam*.

ORIGIN OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—I.

Die Begründung des Deutschen Reichs durch Wilhelm I. Von Heinrich von Sybel. Siebenter Band. Munich: R. Oldenbourg; New York: Westermann.

In the concluding volume of his 'Founding of the German Empire,' the great German historian who passed away in the summer of 1895 presented his view of the genesis of the Franco-German war. Soon after the appearance of this volume, an anonymous book was published entitled 'Aus dem Leben König Karls von Rumänien,' obviously consisting of extracts from the diary of Charles—at the time Prince, since 1881 King of Rumania—and containing letters from his father, Prince Antony. This book threw much new light on the candidacy of Charles's elder brother Leopold for the Spanish throne. It was largely on the strength of the information furnished by this book that Sybel's narrative of the events of 1869 and 1870 was promptly attacked, not in France only, but in Germany. Sybel responded to his critics in a pamphlet published in the early part of last summer, maintaining and defending the positions taken in his book. Simultaneously with this last publication of Sybel's, or but little later, there appeared the 'Souvenirs militaires' of Gen. Lebrun, with interesting and important revelations regarding the negotiations between France and Austria in 1870. In October, 1895, after Sybel's death, Delbrück, the editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, published in his magazine an elaborate criticism of Sybel's theory of the origin of the war—a criticism based mainly on the two books we have just mentioned. Delbrück also sets forth his own theory. Briefly stated, Sybel's explanation is that the war was due to the hostile temper of the French people, stirred by the politicians to an unreasoning and unreasonable jealousy of Prussia, and to the stubborn folly of the Duc de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, supported (and himself urged on) by the popular passions he had awakened, dragged his colleagues and Napoleon into a needless war, in which, as Napoleon knew, France would have no foreign support. He maintains that the Emperor at no time wished for war; that it was Gramont's treatment of the Spanish candidacy that forced the war. Delbrück holds that it was really Napoleon's war; that the Spanish candidacy was a mere pretext—although a better pretext than Sybel is willing to admit; that Napoleon had good reason to believe that he would have the support of Austria and Italy if he needed it; and that he would have had it but for the unexpected rapidity with which the North German forces were thrown upon the Alsatian frontier.

The first half of Sybel's book is largely devoted to showing that there was nothing in the internal conditions of the two countries to necessitate war, and that France could not count upon either Austria or Italy as an ally against Prussia. The preceding volume brought the sketch of German affairs down to the year 1868. In the first and fourth chapters of the present volume Sybel describes the political struggles, from 1868 to 1870, in the Customs Parliament of all Germany, in the North-German Parliament, and in the Prussian Diet; and he shows that, in spite of constant friction and temporary setbacks, the Prussian Government secured, in one form or another, the acceptance of its most important projects. Irksome mediæval restrictions upon industry and commerce were swept away by federal legislation; a modern and humane criminal code was adopted; a compromise was reached upon the troublesome question of the military budget; the first steps were taken to develop a German navy; and the federal finances were placed upon a satisfactory basis. On the 26th of May, 1870, King William closed the last session of the first Federal Parliament with a recapitulation of these achievements and with warm words of appreciation and gratitude in behalf of the German people and the allied governments. These facts, the historian urges, dispose of the assertion made by a number of French writers that Bismarck kindled war with France "in order to escape from his internal difficulties and embarrassments."

In France the relation between the Crown and the people was much less satisfactory. The fear of anarchy, to which the Empire owed its establishment, had diminished, and the best and most intelligent portion of the French people were growing increasingly impatient of absolute government. The prestige derived from a vigorous and successful foreign policy, "which had suddenly placed France at the head of the European system of states," had been seriously impaired by the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, and was nearly destroyed by the unlucky Mexican expedition and the formation of the North German confederation. Two courses were open to the Emperor, each of which was urged upon him by influential advisers. He might make peace with his people by liberal reforms, by aban-

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doning absolute rule and introducing constitutional government, or he might once more stifle internal discontent by successful war. The latter course was more popular with his nearest counsellors, but it was distasteful to Napoleon himself. The sight of the battle fields of Italy had left in his mind an ineffaceable horror of war. The establishment of constitutional government had been urged upon him by the ablest of all his advisers, his half-brother De Morny; and De Morny had discovered the man who was to lead the more moderate Liberals to the support of a constitutional empire—the Republican Deputy Ollivier. It seemed to Napoleon, however, that such a change in the form of government would imperil the future of his dynasty. Between these opposite policies he wavered for several years, adopting neither unreservedly. The historian (who was personally acquainted with the Emperor, but refrains from mentioning the fact) ascribes this hesitation partly to Napoleon's character, partly to the painful disease which developed itself in 1865 and afterwards repeatedly prostrated him. During acute attacks he was incapable of thought or will, without desire save for rest.

For a number of years, from 1866 to 1869, Napoleon cherished the hope of escaping from the dilemma by acquiring foreign territory without war. His attempts in this direction Sybel has described in the preceding volumes. After his failure to secure Luxemburg, he entertained the hope of so extending French influence over Belgium as at least to pave the way for annexation. The half-forgotten story of the purchase of Belgian railways by a French company, in 1869, of the refusal of the Belgian Government to permit the execution of the contract, and of Napoleon's abandonment of the scheme, is well and clearly told in pages 82–95. With the collapse of this venture, certain nebulous plans for a customs union with Belgium also disappeared.

Simultaneously with these schemes, Napoleon took up again the negotiations for a triple alliance between the three great Catholic Powers—France, Austria, and Italy. In 1867 the French and Austrian Emperors had reached some sort of an understanding at Salzburg. In 1868 Italy had offered to ally herself with France, or with Austria and France, if the protection of the Pope were intrusted to the Italian Government. Napoleon found this condition unacceptable. Now (in 1869) Napoleon proposed an offensive and defensive alliance between the three Powers to resist the aggressions of Prussia. In case of war, Austria was to be restored to her old place in Germany. The suggestion, according to Sybel, was not favorably received at Vienna. A German war, it was plainly stated, would not be popular among Austria's German subjects. All that Francis Joseph would agree to was a defensive alliance. Victor Emmanuel at first insisted upon the same condition as in 1868; he would not join even a defensive alliance unless a date were fixed for the withdrawal of the French troops from the Papal territory. Austrian mediation, however, persuaded him to accept an indefinite promise from Napoleon, and the draft treaties of alliance were prepared. At this point it was discovered that the Italian cabinet would not endorse the King's agreement. With the restriction of the alliance to reciprocal defence Napoleon had lost interest in it, and the matter was dropped. The only result of the negotiation was an interchange of personal letters between the three sovereigns, pledging themselves to concerted diplomatic action. In the spring of 1870, Archduke Albert of Austria submitted to Napoleon a plan of campaign, to be followed in case an alliance should be concluded. It provided for a concentration of French, Austrian, and Italian troops in South Germany. Napoleon promised to send an officer to Vienna for further conference. In May he laid the plan before his cabinet; it was discussed and criticised. Gen. Lebrun was sent to Vienna; a new plan was worked out, but not definitively agreed upon. On the 6th of June the General had an interview with Francis Joseph. According to Sybel, the Emperor assured Lebrun that he desired peace, and warned him that France could not count on assistance from Austria.

It is at this point that Delbrück first takes issue with Sybel. He believes that the dual understanding of 1867 and the triple agreement of 1869 went much further than Sybel indicates. He shows, on Lebrun's authority, that the Austrian Emperor's conversation with Lebrun was by no means so pacific as Sybel represents. It appears that the Austrian Emperor did express his desire for peace, but that he did not say that France was in no event to count upon Austrian help. On the contrary, he said that if Napoleon appeared in South Germany not as an enemy, but as a liberator, public opinion in Austria would force the Government into war. It also appears that, in the discussion between Lebrun and the Austrian military men, a definite plan of concentration was arranged. If the French troops could make their way into Bavaria, they were to be joined by the Austrian and Italian forces at Nuremburg. At the outbreak of the war Austria would proclaim neutrality, but only for the purpose of completing the mobilization of her army. Lebrun, however, tells us—and this is a point which Delbrück does not mention—that the Austrian military men insisted that war must be declared not later than April; and that, since it was already too late to accomplish this result in 1870, the outbreak of the war was planned for April, 1871.

To return to Sybel's narrative: Napoleon, unable to restore his prestige by any peaceful extension of the French boundary or of the French sphere of influence, was forced back upon the path of constitutional reform. Ollivier had left the Republicans and formed a Centre party as early as 1865. In 1867 the Emperor had made a bid for the support of this group, but had not offered sufficiently liberal concessions. In the elections of 1869 the Centre and the Left obtained a majority of seats in the Chamber of Deputies. In 1870, after convincing himself that nothing less would be accepted, Napoleon acceded to Ollivier's demand for a responsible ministry, and charged the ex-republican with its formation. The necessary changes in the Constitution were voted by the Senate and submitted in May, 1870, to popular vote. While the ostensible question was the approval of the "liberal reforms," a proclamation of the Emperor called for a vote of confidence in himself and of attachment to the dynasty. The answer was overwhelmingly favorable; seven million votes in the affirmative to one and a half in the negative. The future of the dynasty, the succession of the Prince Imperial, upon which the proclamation had laid especial stress, seemed assured, without war, by the concession to the people of a voice in the government.

On the 30th of June, when the military budget for 1871 was under consideration, the Minister of War announced to the Deputies that he would be content with a levy of 90,000 men instead of the usual 100,000; and Ollivier declared that "the preservation of peace was never better assured." At the same time, as Sybel points out, the German Parliament had adjourned; King William was taking the baths at Ems; Bismarck was undergoing a "Carlsbad cure" at Varzin; Moltke and Roon were both rusticating, the one in Silesia, the other in Brandenburg; and Camphausen, the Finance Minister, was visiting his relatives in the Rhine province. On neither side of the Rhine, therefore, was there any expectation of war. Within less than a week, nevertheless, France was in a flame of patriotic wrath over what was considered an act of aggression on the part of Prussia; deep indignation was slowly gathering in Germany because of what were deemed insolent demands on the part of France; and on the 15th of July, after the immediate cause of the quarrel had disappeared, France declared war to avenge her insulted national honor.

The different explanations given by Sybel and Delbrück have already been noted. In his fifth chapter Sybel lays a strong foundation for the development of his theory. He shows how the French war party, the "Arcadians," had labored since 1866 to excite and intensify the national distrust and dislike of Prussia and of her leading statesman; how they represented Bismarck as the omnipresent disturber and evildoer, restlessly busied, in every part of Europe, in subterranean operations for the destruction of the supremacy of France. He also notes the peril that lay in the appointment of the Duc de Gramont, in May, 1870, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He shows how little reputation Gramont enjoyed in France, how little confidence Napoleon had in his ability or his discretion. For several years Gramont had been Ambassador at Vienna; but not only were the negotiations for an alliance in 1869 carried on over his head, but Napoleon expressly cautioned the Austrian negotiators not to let Gramont into the secret. He was appointed, Sybel thinks, at the desire of Ollivier, in spite of the fact that his sympathies were with the Right and not with the Centre. He was appointed because Ollivier desired as Minister of Foreign Affairs a man in sympathy with his policy of protecting the deliberations of the Vatican Council, and a man who would take a firmer attitude against Prussia. In both respects Gramont met his needs. The Duke was ultra-clerical and a known hater of Bismarck. In his strong anti-Prussian feeling and in his personal characteristics—in the combination of an active imagination with defective judgment, of ignorance with arrogance and of impulsiveness with obstinacy—lay, in Sybel's judgment, the greatest peril to the peace of Europe. Napoleon, he suggests, may have accepted the nomination "in the opinion that a man of so little intelligence would be easily guided; forgetting the fact that thick heads have at times proved to be hard and hot heads, and that by virtue of these qualities they have often dragged irresolute wisdom along with them."

Among the perils to peace in June, 1870, Sybel does not include the candidacy of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain, although it was in this month that Leopold finally accepted the offer of the Spanish ministry to propose to the Cortes his election.

TWO NOVELS.

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Brothers.

The Emancipated. By George Gissing Chicago: Way & Williams.

THAT hopefulness which perpetually affirms,

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even out of evil good must come, seldom meets with such immediate justification as in the clamor of disapproval raised against Mr. Hardy's novel 'Jude the Obscure.' He appears to have done a thing so repugnant to modern English sentiment and taste that the extent of our supposed revolt against Puritanism may well be doubted—so far, at least, as the word is a symbol for manners that correct and restrain animal instincts, and for a decent reticence of speech. The toleration extended to inferior novelists who have for several years, under various hypocritical pretexts, been engaged in the glorification of sensuality, if not lust, may be ascribed, in view of this outburst of wrath, partly to surprise at their audacity, and partly to a belief that no permanent harm could be done by letting such very poor players strut their little hour upon the stage and prance off into secure oblivion. Mr. Hardy's 'Tess' made some people feel and say that our literature was in danger of corruption. The vehement denial by a serious and extremely competent novelist of some principles upon which rests as successful a social system as poor human nature has so far been able to evolve, was thought worth consideration and rational protest. Still, there was but little frank denunciation. The drama in 'Tess' was easily separable from the argument, and made a direct appeal to passionate emotion well adapted to confuse judgment, and even strong enough to win adherents to the author's unequivocal expression of belief that, in the question of society against Tess, society was flagrantly in the wrong. In 'Jude' the author makes no special plea for the righteousness of conduct which long experience has qualified as depraved—and, as a matter of fact, 'Jude,' judged by the strongest impression made on the mind, is a less immoral book than 'Tess'; but it is slightly coarser, many degrees colder; and therefore the average intelligence, unclouded by emotion, perceives its offensiveness and proclaims dissent.

Excepting pronounced hostility to marriage, whether regarded as a Christian sacrament or a permanently binding legal contract, the author's attitude towards the problems involved in his story is as obscure as Jude. He is very bitter about matrimony. When Jude and Arabella are swearing eternal fidelity before the parson, he remarks: "What was as remarkable as the undertaking itself was the fact that nobody seemed at all surprised at what they swore." When Arabella makes a hideous scene, which there is no reason to suppose she would not have made cheerfully and with great spirit even if unmarried, Mr. Hardy thus interprets Jude's thoughts: "Their lives were ruined; ruined by the fundamental error of their matrimonial union—that of having based a permanent contract on a temporary feeling which had no necessary connection with affinities that alone render a life-long companionship tolerable." Again, when Arabella is parading her second victim at a fair, the author's genial comment is, that "they left the tent together in the antipathetic, recriminatory mood of the average husband and wife of Christendom." Many more sentences might be quoted to show his fierce contempt for marriage, and we would believe that no more degrading condition could be imagined, were it not that he goes on to illustrate the pains and penalties of an illegal union and the madness of divorce. Therefore, he seems to stand as an advocate for celibacy and the extinction of the race. In this position we shall have no further occasion to worry about him; he may be permitted to cherish his convictions unenvied and undisturbed.

Equally enigmatic are his opinions about the effect of modern education and modern opportunity on the masses. He seems to say that people who have ceased to be as dumb, driven cattle in intelligence remain so in instinct, and that, finding their intelligence inadequate to compete with power, wealth, and tradition, they fall back for satisfaction on their instincts, and are not to be pitied but admired for the relapse. He may not mean that at all, and, in a book so cleverly planned to pass for a particular instance, generalization is largely conjectural. His group of characters is singularly well chosen to bear the whole responsibility for its heresies, sufferings, and iniquities. In early youth both Jude and Sue Bridehead are detached by temperament and intelligence from the class in which they were born, and they never come in contact with any other class which might have tempered to advantage their feeling of ability to enlighten and guide the universe. The pity of such isolation is clearly seen in Jude's career, the evil of it in Sue's. All the poetic imagination and tenderness which novelists used (by mis take or civility, of course) to attribute to women, are by Mr. Hardy bestowed on Jude, and, added to these, a man's ability to know when he is beaten, and his strength to keep up the fight when dreams are dust and hope is dead. A man of large nature and fine ambitions, not a weakling doomed from the beginning to disaster, it is a pity that Mr. Hardy could not have used him to nobler purpose. Sue Bridehead differs only superficially from many of the author's women. She is not what he most admires, "a complete and substantial female human," but a graceful, ethereal person, possessed of an appreciable quantity of intellect, a taste for literature, and a theory that chastity is best preserved by roaming about the country and living temporarily with men whose conversation and tastes are congenial. After the tragedy brought about by a child from Australia, the dreadful offspring of Jude and Arabella, Sue presumably went mad; otherwise her acute remorse and self-reproach might have driven her to a convent or death, never back to the loathed divorced and adaptable Phillotson.

We find this return of all the divorcees to their original legal mates a humorous conceit, the only one in the book. Time was when Mr. Hardy had a gift for humor, acrid and ironic but efficient. Perhaps a too constant eye on the miseries and infamies of Wessex has destroyed his perception of the comic as it has of the relative position of a few English counties to the rest of the world. Some Norwegians vindicate Ibsen's atrocities by the contention that actual parallels abound in Norway, and that, through the people of whom he writes, he is striving to elevate the people for whom, first of all, he writes. If Mr. Hardy has come to believe that as it is in the "Ancient Kingdom" so it is in the rest of the English-speaking world, he may be excused of deliberate intention to shock or to offend; but before we could acquit him of traducing we should have to know what they think about it in Wessex.

If we admit that Mr. Hardy's conclusions have any general significance, we must agree with that genial but irascible old gentleman who said: "It's a damned wicked world, and the fewer people we think well of in it the better." If we permit Mr. Gissing's restricted observation to tinge our view of life at large, we can't escape the depressing conviction that it's a dull world, that the times are indeed out of joint, also rotten, and that we are all going fast to the "demnition bow-wows." The scene of Mr. Gissing's 'Emancipated' is far removed from the somewhat dingy, commercial British home to which he has hitherto been bound in bonds not of affection; most of the action taking place in Italy, particularly in Naples. Change of scene has not perceptibly enlivened his sombre soul, nor has the blue Italian ether driven off grim spectres whose native element is smoke and fog and suburban gloom. He has unquestionably tried to cheer up and get rid of his bogies, but is overborne by the pessimistic temperament whose watchword is despair. Though not indifferent to the charm of southern landscape, his pen cannot express it. His descriptions are dry and chill, suggestive of phylloxera in the vineyards and frost upon the oranges. He perceives the softening effect of Greek art and Latin manners on rigid British prejudice and self-sufficiency, but does not succeed in transforming the stern patroness of a dissenting chapel in Barths, Mrs. Miriam Baske, either into a gay figure symbolic of intellectual freedom, or a gracious, kind, and honorable woman.

There are a great many people in the novel: some emancipated from the beginning, and some seen undergoing the painful process of emancipation. Among the latter Mrs. Baske is the most conspicuous. When introduced, she believes art to be but a diversion of the profane, and literature, except in the form of lurid tracts, a device of the Evil One. The 'Improvisatore' and the 'Golden Treasury' have to be brought to her notice by craft. Her development is slow, even ponderous, but appears to be thorough. In the last stages she has a preference for the more liberal of the Latin poets, and marries Mr. Mallard, an artist who frequently forgets to brush his hair and to lift his hat to women, and who is tremendous in denunciation of those who are squeamish about the nude. The awakening of æsthetic sensibility effects no improvement in Mrs. Baske's character. Her inhumanity to her sinful brother, Reuben Elgar, rages unmodified, and her treachery to his wife commits her to hopeless dishonor. We are led to suppose that Mr. Mallard would be able to humanize her by giving her a taste of the happiness of "submission to a stronger nature than herself," but we feel that he would soon come to understand her ability for flicking the bloom off any kind of happiness.

The contrasting figure to Mrs. Baske is Cicely Doram, beautiful in body, free in mind, and gay in spirits; blessed, moreover, with a wealthy aunt, who "devoted herself with artistic zeal to her niece's training for the world." We expect much from this fine modern flower, familiar alike with "Latin classics and Parisian feuilletons." Great, therefore, is our disappointment when, quite after the manner of the silly, old-fashioned girl, she elopes with Reuben Elgar, an unattractive man who she perfectly well knew was impecunious and disreputable. Here Mr. Gissing faces the much-vexed marriage question, and it cannot be said that he offers either enlightenment or consolation. From passion the pair pass to dislike, and thence through a series of degrading episodes to separation. Mr. Gissing's arguments against religious and social systems are most disingenuous. The Mosaic dispensation is not responsible for the appearance of Elgars on the earth. They are essentially weak and vicious, and doubtless flourished in Rome under the Cæsars. There never was a society under the old order or the new which, cogni-

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zant of Elgar's gross infidelity, would not have approved of Cicely's leaving him without ceremony. It is nonsense for Mr. Gissing to say that she was forced to stay with him by the undiscerning rigor of society; and the unkempt Mr. Mallard shows himself barren of expedients when he declares that, short of killing herself, there was no way out.

In drawing Mrs. Baske and Cicely, Mr. Gissing's limitations are clearly defined. Far greater facility than his for expressing mental moods and spiritual crises is needed to make them acceptable and convincing. In many of the minor characters, especially the Denyer family, he shines more brightly. The Denyers are among his best characterizations. Like the Frenches in the 'Year of Jubilee,' he knows them through and through, and detests as deeply as he knows.

BOOKS ABOUT THE LEVANT.

Constantinople: The City of the Sultans. By Clara Erskine Clement. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1896.

ALMOST anything which bears the name of Constantinople on its title-page attracts attention at the present moment. The Turkish capital is the centre of curiosity to every one who takes any interest in foreign lands and foreign politics, and all the world is eager to learn whatever it can about the city of the sultans, provided it can do so without too much mental effort or too great an expenditure of time. At first appearance, 'Constantinople: The City of the Sultans,' looks as though it were the very book to give the desired information in the most satisfactory manner. In outside appearance it is strikingly Levantine—brilliant, gaudy, adorned with stars and crescents and golden domes and minarets. Within it is equally charming so far as appearance is concerned. It is clearly printed on unglazed paper, soft to the eye, and illustrated with twenty admirably executed full-page halftones, reproduced, if we are not mistaken, from photographs of Sebah and Joaillier of Constantinople and Cairo. There are, however, some inaccuracies in the titles of these illustrations. The plate facing page 154 is incorrectly entitled "Dolmabatchke [*sic*] Palace and Mosque of Sultan Abdul Medjid." There is no palace visible in the picture, but, if there were, it would be the palace of Cheragan. Dolmabaghtshe is a mile or two further down the Bosphorus. The plate entitled "The Mosque of Sultan Ahmed" would be more properly designated "The Built Column," that being the main feature of the photograph, while the mosque is rather an incident of the background. A "Street Scene," facing page 236, is called in Sebah and Joaillier's series of photographs, where it is No. 217, "Café Turc," which correctly describes the picture.

The contents of the volume are by no means equal to its outward form. The style is bad and illogical, and the statements inaccurate and unreliable. The history of the reigns of the last three sultans, Abdul Aziz, Murad, and Abdul Hamid, degenerates into the merest gossip, garnished after the pattern of the 'Arabian Nights.' Even in the transcription of Turkish words the author is careless and unmethodical, writing in one place *Medjid*, and in another *Mejid*, on page 152 *ferejeh*, and on page 246 *feridjé*. With similar negligence she tells you in two consecutive sentences that "there is no longer a spectacle of the Selanelik [misprint for *Selamlik*] in Constantinople. It can, however, be seen by applying for an order at one of the embassies" (p. 164). Still, she makes some comments upon the government of the present Sultan which are worth reading by his apologists: "We perceive that nothing of importance can occur in the Ottoman Empire without the knowledge of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. What are we, then, to think of him when by general consent it is admitted that his government is of the very worst? Even the glimmers of light that had dawned upon Ottoman darkness before his accession have been extinguished." The first two parts of the book are devoted to the history, the last to the present life of Constantinople, meaning the objects of interest to the tourist, and the life and habits of the people. This part is somewhat better than the other two, but the author's acquaintance with Constantinople is too evidently superficial and inaccurate to make even this part of any value. In the closing chapter she pays a well-deserved tribute to the admirable educational institutions established in Constantinople by Americans, and the remarkable results achieved through them.

F. Marion Crawford's 'Constantinople' is a book of a very different type. It does not profess to be a history of Constantinople or a guide to the objects of interest. It is a graceful little work, meant to lie on your table, not to stand in your book-case, as even its outer form declares. It is light literature, the jottings of a lover of the curious, the outlandish, and the picturesque, of a literary man who studies men and places with a view to their possible utilization in some novel or magazine. You ramble about in out-of-the-way places; sit in a queer little café and study the Galata bridge; bargain, haggle, and drink coffee in the bazaar; eat Turkish dishes and drink Turkish drinks in genuine unadulterated Turkish cook-shops; float up and down the blue Bosphorus in picturesque kaiks; saunter through quaint cemeteries; and, wherever you go, Mr. Edwin L. Weeks goes with you and makes a sketch of the queer people that you see and the odd scenes which surround you, to keep you mindful of them always. It is a delightfully irresponsible book, looking at men and things from the point of view of the man away from home and its social and religious standards, awake to the artistic, the strange, and the effective, indifferent to the moral aspect. One is not surprised, therefore, when Mr. Crawford sighs to think that the Turk must soon give way to civilization, nor to hear him abuse the progressive and mercantile Greeks and Armenians. Massacres are blood curdling and exciting, trade and industry are plebeian, commonplace, and tiresome. One is, however, somewhat astonished to learn that the Turk "is naturally a fair man, with blue eyes and of fresh complexion, well grown, uncommonly strong, and very enduring," and that the "Greeks, Armenians, Persians, and Africans" are responsible for the bad government of his country, having outwitted and robbed him, although "he himself is a fine fellow and belongs to the superior, dominant races of the world." Or again, that while the Greeks and Armenians and foreigners secure all the concessions, grants, and monopolies, the Turk must "ultimately pay for all these things." In point of fact, nine-tenths of all the Turks in Constantinople live from the public crib, as officials, sinecurists, or pensioners. The Ottoman Turks are not producers, but consumers. It is the various subject peoples, Christian and Moslem, who do the producing and pay the bills.

Owing to the Turkish method of marriage with Circassians, Christians, negroes, and all the outside world, the Turks of the upper classes have become such a mixed race that it is difficult to predicate of them any national type. For this purpose you must go far afield among the Turkish peasantry and small townspeople in Asia Minor. There you do not find the Turk fair-haired and blue-eyed, it is true, but you do find him a good fellow, honest, sober, stupid, and kindly. He conquered and endeavored to appropriate a civilized government while he was still a barbarian. He has remained a barbarian, and his governing classes have appropriated the vices and corruption without the virtues of the government which they conquered.

Miss Woolson's 'Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu' takes us away from Constantinople to travel and sojourn in other parts of the great Mediterranean basin. "The substance of this collection," as we are told in a publisher's note, "originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*" at different times between the years 1884 and 1892. Now that the author is gone, the different articles are gathered together and published in book form; and they are well worth it. The first of these sketches, which is also the longest and the best, is entitled "At Mentone," and you cannot read it without feeling that you are there, living an out-door life in a balmy, lemon-scented atmosphere, without cares or duties of any sort but to amuse yourself, meeting and associating intimately with other holiday-makers and health-seekers, to separate from them suddenly and completely when the year grows warm again. Physicians who cannot send their patients to the Riviera should give them this book. It will make them think that they are there. It is a combination of guide-book and story, so clever and so just that neither part injures the other, and you obtain your information without being aware, unless you are a professional critic, that you are being informed.

"Cairo in 1890" has not the added charm of being a story as well as a sketch of travel, but it is a charming and graceful record of the impressions and experiences of an intelligent, observant, well-informed woman in one of the most fascinating cities in the world. It is both interesting and profitable reading. We notice a few slight slips in Arabic words, as, for instance, at the foot of page 155, where Miss Woolson transcribes and translates a part of the familiar muezzin call, and in doing so translates what she has not transcribed. Some of the descriptions are delightful, as, for example, where she undertakes to hunt down Assiut ware to its store-rooms, and finds herself in a lodging-house of native Cairo (pp. 224 ff). "Corfu and the Ionian" is not quite equal in interest to the other two sketches, perhaps because Corfu is not in itself so interesting as Cairo and the Riviera. Nevertheless, this also was well worth republication.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The Key of the Pacific: The Nicaragua Canal. By Ross Colquhoun. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE second part of the title tells what this book is. It is a description of the Nicaragua Canal, with some account of the country which the canal will traverse and of the business

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which it may be expected to accommodate. The author, whose life has combined that of a civil engineer, a Government commissioner, and a newspaper correspondent, has devoted somewhat more than 300 pages of well-printed matter to this general subject. He begins by considering the three main schemes which of late years have been proposed for the passage of the American isthmus—the Panama Canal, the Nicaragua Canal, and the Tehuantepec Ship-Railway. Panama and Tehuantepec are quickly dismissed. The former lost whatever merit it may have had when the tide-level canal was abandoned; the latter ended with the life of its illustrious promoter. The Nicaragua route remains, and the author regards this as the sole practicable line of isthmian transit. Two chapters are devoted to concessions and organizations, and the author concludes that "it is certain that the project must be under the auspices of some strong Government, and without doubt that Government must be the United States." Two chapters are devoted to the engineering problem, including therein both the construction and the physical conditions which affect construction; two more are of an historical character; four relate to the general features and resources of Nicaragua; one chapter takes up the general subject of ship-canals, and the two last confirm the value of the canal and its far-reaching effects. While written by an Englishman, and in fact an English publication, printed also in America under the international copyright provisions, the work is apparently intended for American readers quite as much as for English, and it is an interesting and readable account of a subject of very great importance which is but imperfectly understood.

The Nicaragua Ship-Canal differs very materially from the other great ship-canals of the world. The Suez Canal is simply a level cut from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, opening an artificial strait between two great bodies of salt water. The Corinth Canal is of the same nature. The Panama Canal, as originally projected, was of the same kind. The North Sea Canal, though provided with guard-locks at both entrances, is constructed on a single level from the Baltic to the North Sea. All of these canals are throughout salt-water canals. At Nicaragua, on the other hand, a fresh-water lake of an area of nearly 3,000 square miles and about 100 feet above the level of either ocean, lies midway between the Atlantic and Pacific. The problem consists in connecting this fresh inland sea with the oceans which are so close at hand. The present outlet of the lake is by the San Juan River to the Caribbean Sea, though there are reasons to believe that the outlet was once in a northwesterly direction to the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by mountains and embellished with volcanoes, some of which rise as islands in the lake.

Although the outlet is to the Atlantic, the chief difficulties in construction lie on the Atlantic side. The distance from the lake to the Pacific is only eighteen miles, and this portion of the canal presents no difficulties of an unusual nature. The Pacific terminus would be at Brito, which is at present barely worthy to be called a roadstead, but a fairly good harbor can be constructed there by artificial breakwaters. On the Atlantic side the case is very different: the air-line distance from the lake to the ocean is about seventy miles, and the general course of the San Juan River seems to be the only feasible route. The early plans, which contemplated a canal of much less capacity than is now proposed, were based upon a system of slack-water navigation on the San Juan River. The plans adopted by the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company are of a radically different character: they contemplate the construction of a great dam across the San Juan River at Ochoa, which shall not only raise the present level of the river above the dam to that of Lake Nicaragua, but, by extending this summit level through other valleys north of the San Juan, carry it to within twelve miles of the Caribbean Sea. Not only is it proposed to extend the lake by means of the Ochoa dam, but it is expected to raise its present level about four feet, so that the lake would become a great fresh-water basin reaching within a dozen miles of either ocean. The principal difficulties of this scheme lie in the extension of the basin eastward. The Ochoa dam is in itself a work of great magnitude, but the range of hills which would confine the southern boundary of the extended basin are not continuous, requiring a long series of embankments, some of them of great dimensions, to sustain the basin; besides which, it is proposed to cut through a divide between the drainage of the San Francisco and Deseado Rivers, both tributaries of the San Juan, involving a cut of a maximum depth of more than three hundred feet. The Ochoa dam would be about seventy-five feet high, and some of the valleys on the San Francisco embankment are crossed at almost an equal height. Three locks of unusual dimensions, exceeding any yet constructed, make the descent on either side from the great fresh-water summit basin to the ocean. After leaving the basin on the Atlantic side, except the magnitude of the locks, no special difficulties are found. The Atlantic terminus would be at Greytown, which was once one of the best harbors in Central America, but is a fearful illustration of the dangers of shifting sands. One of the most uncertain problems which the builders of this canal will have to face is the reopening and preservation of Greytown harbor.

The climate of Lake Nicaragua is delightful, and the general features all that are needed to make a tropical climate attractive. Between the lake and the Caribbean Sea the rainfall is excessive; the rainy season extends through the whole year and the total rainfall is nearly 300 inches annually. While this excessive rainfall is less objectionable in the tropics than in a colder zone, it adds to the difficulties of a task which at best requires the most careful examination and the most skilful engineering.

The general idea of a canal of this kind is most attractive. In a few hours after leaving the ocean, a ship would pass through the three locks and reach the great interior lake. The passage through this lake would have the same charm that belongs to the Inland Sea of Japan, while delightful watering-places would be built around this great fresh-water harbor. But the attractiveness of a tropical lake is an unimportant incident: the real questions are, whether the plans now proposed are feasible, what they will cost, and whether the results will justify the cost.

So far as the feasibility of the plans is concerned, the author accepts them as thoroughly satisfactory. The only features in which he sees any difficulties are the Ochoa dam, the East Divide cut, and Greytown harbor. As to the dam, he is simply not fully prepared to accept the plans already made as the best; the East Divide cut may require flatter slopes, and possibly a tunnel may be desirable; of Greytown harbor he feels more doubt. The next question is that of cost, and the writer doubles the estimates of the canal company, considering it probable that the cost of the enterprise may be $150,000,000. As to the value of the completed work, the author has no doubts whatever; he believes it reasonable to estimate the net income two years after the opening of the canal at about $9,000,000, which would be 6 per cent. on the $150,000,000 which he thinks the canal may cost, and this income he expects to increase from year to year, as has been the case at Suez. But the mere income is by no means the whole value of the canal; its value from a strategic point of view in enabling naval vessels to pass from one ocean to another in a minimum time, and its value from a commercial point of view in enabling coasting vessels of one ocean to be utilized on the other, are of the utmost importance.

All this is very interesting and very important. The book, however, is in many respects superficial, and the reader feels that, before accepting the conclusions, he ought to verify some of the facts. One special defect should be pointed out: any book of this character should be accompanied by a full and accurate map which may be carefully studied by the reader. A number of sketch-maps are printed in the body of the book, and a very poor folding map is placed at the end; profiles in rather inconvenient form, with no vertical scale and apparently not very accurate, are given of the two canal sections between the Ochoa dam and the Caribbean Sea, and between the lake and the Pacific, while a small profile, with no scale whatever, gives an unsatisfactory view of the entire canal. A few inaccuracies may be cited which show the carelessness with which the book is prepared: on page 40 it is stated that the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua has the only charter which Congress has ever granted except that of the Union Pacific Railroad, whereas at least two other railroads now running are operated under charters from the general Government; on page 74 the Quaker Bridge dam, which appears to be ninety feet higher than any dam ever built, is included in a list of constructed works; on page 107 the statement is made that on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts practically only at the mouth of the Mississippi have American engineers succeeded in deepening the channel into a harbor, ignoring the fact that the depth on Sandy Hook bar has been increased until there is now thirty feet at low water, that the depth on the bar at Galveston has been doubled, and that equally great improvements have been made at Charleston and at the mouth of the St. John's River. On page 278 occurs the extraordinary statement that a canal a thousand miles long to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea, following up the Dwina and down the Dnieper Rivers, would be without locks. Such statements cannot fail to shake the reader's confidence in the accuracy of the whole book.

An Old New England Town: Sketches of Life, Scenery, and Character. By Frank Samuel Child. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

BOOKS that relate to life in New England towns are always interesting to New Englanders, wherever the latter may abide. This book is no exception, though in many respects it is of a somewhat slight and sketchy character. It is exceptionally neatly printed, and the binding is in good taste, even in what is termed the "regular" (*i. e.*, cheaper) edition. The author evidently worked *con amore*, and, in the lectures which preceded and formed the

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original material of the book, he was applauded by the approval of the local community. Both text and illustrations are largely taken up with the natural scenery of the "grand old town." Many of these descriptions might have been omitted, for, however grand the town might have been in the past, or may be at present, in many features, the natural scenery is not imposing. Besides, whatever quiet beauties it may present are all visible to the present generation as they were to those who have passed away.

While the book is often pleasing and instructive, we think it might easily have been made more so by giving a fuller account of some of its former inhabitants, especially those who were distinguished in their day. The only notable biographical sketch in the work is that of Roger Minot Sherman, whose portrait is the frontispiece to the volume. But the sketch of this distinguished gentleman is, to say the least, somewhat imperfect. He was, for at least thirty years, the most accomplished lawyer at the Connecticut bar, and, as an advocate and jurist, he had few equals in the United States. No one would claim for him the "majestic intellectual power" often displayed by Mr. Webster, but few who are competent to speak on the subject would hesitate to say that Mr. Sherman was the more accomplished and thoroughly equipped lawyer of the two. The author cites President Woolsey (no mean judge) as saying that "Roger Minot Sherman came nearer his conception of Cicero than any other human being he had ever heard speak." Then occurs the following: "He [President Woolsey] said Mr. Sherman was unwilling to speak anywhere but in court in his own county." The authority for this is Senator Hoar, cited by the author. Though the Senator is a distant relative of Mr. Sherman, either he or President Woolsey (one of the exactest of men) was mistaken. Very likely Mr. Sherman declined all invitations to address public bodies or miscellaneous audiences on literary or historical themes. He was not singular in this. His relative, Roger Sherman Baldwin, one of the ablest and most finished lawyers of Connecticut, habitually refused to employ his talents in that field of intellectual labor. A few legal opinions and briefs and one or two great arguments are about all that has come down to us from either of these eminent lawyers. But the statement attributed to President Woolsey, that "Mr. Sherman was unwilling to speak anywhere but in court in his own county," is clearly erroneous. The reports of cases and the records of litigation in Connecticut from as early as 1810, at least, till 1839, conclusively show that Mr. Sherman was constantly arguing causes in nearly every county in the State. Like the English lawyers, he "rode the circuit," trying causes whenever he was offered retainers, which was very often. This was inevitable, for his fame, both as an advocate and a jurist, transcended that of any lawyer in the State. Though not a florid or, perhaps, in the popular sense, a brilliant forensic orator, he was a finished advocate, both on matters of fact to the jury and on the most intricate and subtle questions of law presented to the court. An eminent Chief Justice of Connecticut (now deceased) once told the writer of this notice that Sherman's logic was so cogent and faultless that the most distinguished of the judges before whom he appeared felt it unsafe to fail to examine carefully his premises, or to remit for a moment their attention to the course of his argument, lest they might be lured to a wrong conclusion.

After referring to the fact that Sherman declined a nomination for Congress, the author remarks: "At a later date the opportunity came when the State would have been glad to choose him to represent her in the United States Senate; but certain views which Judge Sherman held were not agreeable to his party, and he was not willing to compromise his position." Now we apprehend that the real reason why he was not elected to the United States Senate was because he had been a member of the Hartford Convention, a body which the Democrats had for years denounced as treasonable. Certain small men in the Whig party were afraid to elect Mr. Sherman to the Senate for fear that it would hurt the party, so that once august legislative chamber lost the services of one who would have been one of its most useful members as well as one of its brightest ornaments.

Mr. Child, after stating that in 1823 a "young man by the name of 'Ellsworth' wrote to Sherman for advice about the choice of a profession," and giving the substance of his reply, adds: "It is pleasant to remember that Mr. Ellsworth continued to shine with the light of Christian manhood in the legal profession, and that he became famous as professor of law, member of Congress, Governor of Connecticut, and *Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.*" This is rather an unfortunate slip. The writer does not give the full name, but, clearly, he refers to the late Hon. Wm. W. Ellsworth, who was a member of Congress, Governor of the State, and judge of the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut; but he was never a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. His father, Oliver Ellsworth, was for a time Chief Justice of the latter court, a man of great intellectual endowments. He drafted what is known as the "Judiciary Act of 1789," which to this day is the foundation and framework of our Federal jurisprudence. It was a masterly piece of judicial legislation, second only in usefulness to the lucid and luminous expositions of the Constitution of the United States by Chief Justice Marshall.

We are rather surprised that no more is said in this book of Gen. Gold Selleck Silliman of Fairfield. He was, especially during the Revolutionary war, one of the most conspicuous figures in Connecticut. He was a man of untiring energy, and his discreet and efficient management of the military posts assigned to him won the lasting confidence and approval of Governor Trumbull. His wife was scarcely inferior to him in skill, energy, and force of character. They were the head of one of the most distinguished families in the State, their descendants including two eminent professors at Yale. The senior Professor Silliman won a fame not only in his native State, but in the whole country, as well as abroad. The family is well represented at this day in the person of the Hon. B. D. Silliman, an eminent lawyer in this city, a resident of Brooklyn, where he is enjoying a green and cheerful old age.

This book, pleasing as it is in many of its features, reminds us that Connecticut still lacks any adequate history or biographical record of its distinguished men. Some son of hers who may combine the industry of a Dryasdust with the literary gifts of a true historian, might well undertake the task which has thus far remained unperformed.

A History of Money and Prices, being an inquiry into their relations from the thirteenth century to the present time. By J. Schoenhof. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896. 12mo, pp. xvii, 352.

In his latest book Mr. Schoenhof renews his attack upon the theory that the quantity of money in circulation determines money prices. His present argument is chiefly historical. Many figures from Thorold Rogers, D'Avenel, and Beissel are cited to prove that prices "from the thirteenth century to the present time" have not increased proportionately to the contemporaneous increase in the volume of money. The fact is indisputable, but it is not, as Mr. Schoenhof asserts, conclusive against the quantitative theory. Completely stated, that theory is complicated to the verge of unintelligibility. In practice it is simplified into the truism that quotient equals divisor into dividend; or, in other words, that the supply of money and the demand for money—Walker's "money-work"—determine the goods-price of money, and therefore the money price of goods. The formula is perhaps true, it is certainly useless. Nobody has measured the supply of money more accurately than to say that it is the number of pieces multiplied by the (indeterminate) rapidity of their circulation. Nobody has ever pointed out a way of ascertaining how great the "amount of money-work" may be. Until these preliminary steps in defining the quantitative theory of money shall be taken, no appeal to statistics or to history can either prove or disprove it. At present we have not the materials for testing its applicability during even the last twenty-five years, to say nothing of the thirteenth century.

In the latter part of the book, dealing with "the true price-making factors," namely, the material and intellectual processes of production, Mr. Schoenhof's knowledge of business enables him to support his contentions by much fresh and apposite illustration. These pages are distinctly stronger than the more theoretical portions.

Elementary Physical Geography. By Ralph S. Tarr, B.S., F.G.S.A. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

This book is in part an attempt to carry out the suggestions which were made by the majority of the Committee of Ten, but the author has deemed it unwise to attempt to do more than partly follow out those suggestions. In his preface he very frankly says that he anticipates much criticism, and in a measure he forestalls unfavorable comment by confessing that he is far from being satisfied with his attempt. In its treatment of "The Land" the book is a decided advance upon any physical geography heretofore published. The various physiographic processes which have shaped the earth's surface are described in some detail. The cycle of erosion, in connection with the development of a river system, is well brought out, and the various accidents which commonly interrupt the normal cycle are well described. The author has apparently been reluctant to use terms, such as "peneplain," "river piracy," and others, which, although new to many teachers of geography, nevertheless have become well established in scientific literature. He has, we may add, put himself in opposition to the authority of the best geologists in discussing weathering and erosion as two separate and coördinate processes. It would have been more in accord with the best usage to have discussed weathering as one of the elements of erosion, and to have used the term "corrasion" in many cases where he has used "erosion." Mr. Tarr's treatment of lakes is inadequate in

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that he has failed to emphasize the place which lakes occupy in the cycle of river development, some types being characteristic of the youth and others of the maturity or old age of a river system. Much the same criticism may be made of the author's discussion of plateaus and mountains.

The book contains a few errors which ought to be corrected. Hadley's inaccurate explanation of the deflective force of the earth's rotation is repeated by Mr. Tarr. As has been shown by Ferrel, this force is dependent solely upon the latitude and the momentum of the moving body, and not at all upon the *direction* of motion, whereas Hadley's explanation demands that there be *no* deflection in the case of bodies moving in an east-and-west direction, and that the amount of deflection diminish with the departure from a north-and-south direction. According to the diagram on page 49, the temperature in the southern hemisphere is higher in June than in December, an error probably due to carelessness in preparation. The text seems to have been hastily written, and in places it is marred by careless expressions, such as, "a river valley transformed into a lake" (p. 299), and "we have in this, the Malaspina glacier, an instance of a well developed forest" (p. 313). The illustrations are profuse and in general well chosen, many of them being new to text-books. Unfortunately not a few of them are poorly reproduced.

But praise much more than censure is due to the work as a whole, which is of the nature of a pioneer. The author has in preparation a larger work, which will be awaited with much interest.

English Essays from a French Pen. By J. J. Jusserand, Ministre Plénipotentiaire. London: Unwin; New York: Putnams. 1895.

M. JUSSERAND is certainly one of the most vivacious of antiquaries. A book from his pen is sure to be curiously instructive and not to be heavy, and we hope he may long continue to keep to his present average of a volume a year. Of the essays brought together in the little volume before us, "The Forbidden Pastimes of a Recluse" is by all odds the most entertaining. It consists of a string of extracts from a manual for anchoresses written in the twelfth century by the Englishman Ailred, Abbot of Rievaulx, for the guidance of his sister. The manual has interesting points of comparison with the well-known 'Ancren Riwle' of the following century. Some of the scenes depicted are highly characteristic—particularly that of the tattling old woman at the recluse's window, telling tales and keeping her informed of the town gossip. The second paper is a brief and lively account (from an unpublished manuscript) of the journey of Regnault Girard to Scotland in 1435. Girard's errand was to fetch the little Lady Margaret, the betrothed of the Dauphin, and he had some amusing experiences. We are glad to learn that Mr. Andrew Lang is preparing an edition of this important manuscript for the Roxburghe Club. Two other visits to England—that of Sorbières in 1663 and that of Voltaire in 1726—are briefly treated. The longest paper in the volume is that on Scarron, which is reprinted from the Lawrence & Bullen edition of 'The Comical Romance.'

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

La Jeunesse de Bougainville et la Guerre de Sept Ans. [Les Français au Canada.] Paris: Daupeley-Gouverneur.
Lees, Prof. The Claims of Greek. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 25c.
Lieber, B. F. Standard Telegraphic Code. Lieber Publishing Co. $10.
Marcou, J. Life, Letters, and Works of Louis Agassiz. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.
Meade, L. T. A Princess of the Gutter. Putnams. $1.
Musgrave, George. Dante's Inferno: A Version in the Nine-Line Metre of Spenser. Macmillan. $1.50.
Powell, Lieut.-Col. W. H. The Fifth Army Corps (Army of the Potomac). Putnams. $7.50.
Robb, Russell. Electric Wiring. Macmillan. $2 50.
Roosevelt, Theodore, and Grinnell, G. B. Hunting in Many Lands. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. $2.50.
Rossetti, W. M. New Poems by Christina Rossetti. Macmillan. $1.75.
Sears, Prof. Lorenzo. The History of Oratory. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Sewall, J. B. The Timon of Lucian. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55c.
Tille, Alexander. German Songs of To-Day. Macmillan. $1.
Waugh, Arthur. Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Study of His Life and Works. Macmillan. $2
Welch, Deshler. The Bachelor and the Chafing Dish. F. T. Neely.
Wentworth, G. A. Syllables of Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Williams, R. P. Chemical Experiments, General and Analytical. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60c.
Wood, Gen. Sir Evelyn. Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1 25.
Wood, Henry. Studies in the Thought World; or, Practical Mind Art. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Young W. T. The Art of Putting Questions. New ed. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 15c.
Zola, Émile. The Fat and the Thin. F. T. Neely.

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